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REALISM IN EARLY SPANISH FICTION.

During the fifteenth century Spain had given to the world its best romances of chivalry, and various influences contributed to maintain the taste for them in the limited reading public of the time longer than their essential artificiality would have otherwise allowed. Among these influences students of Spanish literature have reckoned the impression that the brilliant career of the Black Prince was sure to make on friend and foe, the rapid promotion attained by Duguesclin and other such military adventurers, and to this may be added the contemporary establishment of the chivalrous orders of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcantara, Montega in Spain, and of the Templars throughout Europe.

But the world in which these romances had their shadowy being was too unreal not to pall on the taste and it is curious to see how an effort was made to reconcile it with reality before discarding it altogether. It seems to have occurred first to Don Enrique de Aragon to shelter the romance of chivalry under the mantle of allegory. In his "Twelve Labors of Hercules" he espouses the cause of women against the witty slanders of Boccaccio's "Corvaccio" with a clumsiness of style and language quite unworthy of his gracious subject and righteous cause. It is interesting, however, to see how Boccaccio's stinging sarcasms rankled in the chivalrous hearts of the Spaniards, for with zeal greater than their wit they attempted at least five other answers which contend with one another for the prize

of dreary worthlessness.¹ We may place all these roughly in the first half of the fifteenth century. The "Carcel de Amor" by Diego de San Pedro which seems to date from 1465 is the first to promise better things. It is true that like his predecessors he begins with an allegory, but he soon drifts into a tale of adventure much in the chivalrous style. The plot is at times clumsy, but the author writes more fluently than his predecessors and met with a success that he merited chiefly because he was the first to feel the readiness of the public to change its taste from the chivalrous to the sentimental romance. No doubt however his fame was fostered by the bitter opposition that the professional moralists of the time bestowed on his book, for this has been even to our own day the most effective of advertisements.

Of far more importance than this, however, was the "Celestina," a realistic sketch in dramatic form which was probably written about the year 1480 and printed in 1499. It passed through twenty-two editions in the sixteenth century and was translated into English, German, Dutch, French and Latin. It found also innumerable continuers, adapters and imitators, and after giving great stimulus to dramatic production was itself put on the stage in altered form. For, though the "Celestina" calls itself a tragi-comedy, its twenty-one acts could never have been put on the stage. It has been attributed to two hands, but the most probable critical opinion of the present day ascribes the whole work to Rojas, and he might well be proud of it for the drawing of character is of remarkable power. Europe can show nothing at this period that approaches it. Even the minor parts are treated with a precision that Lope and Calderon do not always rival.

The popularity of the "Celestina" however, was more

¹They are: Francisco Ximenez, *El Libro de las Damas*; Alonzo de Cartagena, *El Libro de las Mujeres Ilustres*; Martin Alonzo de Cordoba, *Las Alabanzas de la Virginidad* and *Verjel de Nobles Doncellas*; Rodriguez de la Camara, *El Triunfo de las Donas* and *El Siervo Libre de Amor*; Alvaro de Luna, *El Libro de las Virtuosas y Claras Mujeres*.

in accord with its merits than with its morals. Its style is easy and smooth beyond the usual degree of the time, though it errs sometimes by excess of ornament and erudition. It is made up of a decidedly unpleasant story of the bawd Celestina who gains by fair means and foul, mostly the latter, the love of Melibœa for her paymaster Calisto, and in doing so compasses her own and the general ruin.

To give in detail the plot of this tragi-comedy would be neither possible nor profitable. In deference to the religious prejudices of the audience the actors are made to profess the faith of pagan Rome. The coy heroine, Melibœa, who loved not wisely but too well, kills herself at last after revealing her sad tale to her father. Her lover meantime has met his death in falling from a ladder by which he had scaled the garden wall. This end is somewhat lame, however, for he is really the victim of a plot to avenge on the lovers the murder of two followers of two young women, pupils of Celestina in iniquity, who had perished after killing the old hag in a quarrel over the wages of their infamy. It is with this social class that the play has chiefly to do. Celestina dies in the twelfth of the twenty-one acts, but ten are taken up wholly with the conversation of persons of her class, and such take a considerable part in five others, while Calisto and Melibœa appear in but six scenes each. In the main, then, this piece attempts a realistic picture of the life of the vicious classes. It is in this a forerunner of the *novela picaresca* in Spain and of the naturalistic novel everywhere.

But the lead was not followed immediately. The first half of the sixteenth century, embracing the long reign and not inglorious career of Charles V. offers very little of interest and few signs of progress in romance. But we may discern the beginnings of historic fiction in the anonymous "Question de Amor" which bears its own date, April 17th, 1512. The Question is whether a lover suffers more who has lost his mistress by death or lost her respect. The chief interest, however, lies in the excellent description of the hunts, games, shows, feasts, and dress of the period. The

scene is laid in Italy which then and for some time after had for the Spaniards the charm of a land rich in romantic adventure. Somewhat similar in character is Juan de Flores' "Aurelio" and "Isabella" (1521) which possibly furnished hints for Shakspeare's "Tempest." The work is valueless, however, and much the same can be said of "Clareo and Floresca," a sentimental allegory, and the similar "Luzindaro and Medusina," with which this branch of fiction seems to have lost its charm for the reading public, a fact that is much less remarkable than that it ever possessed it.

The place of allegory was taken by Pastoral fiction, which was as dull and rather more artificial. It is strange to note how slowly any true literary feeling develops and through what curious chrysalis states the literature of imagination has had to pass to attain its present strength and beauty. The first of the pastoral dreamers among Spaniards was Montemayor, whose "Diana Enamorada" (1542) is a decided improvement on Sannazaro's "Arcadia," but, like its continuations by Perez and Polo, so foreign to the critical taste of our day that it is hard to see how it could have found a publisher to venture or readers to endure. And yet its admirers, and imitators too, were among the greatest writers of the coming century, the golden age of Spanish literature. It was then that among a multitude of lesser lights,¹ Cervantes gave the world his "Galatea," the best of this class which after all is but little better than the worst. He indeed had wit enough never to finish it,² but Lope, here as elsewhere quick to imitate every success of his more generous rival, soon after entered the lists with his "Arcadia." This was the last important effort in a

¹ We may mention: Luis Galvez de Montalvo's *El Pastor de Filida*, Bernardo de Valbuena's *Siglo de Oro*, Antonio de Lafrasa's *Fortunary Amor*, Bernardo de la Verga's *Pastor de Iberia*, Bernardo de Bobadilla's *Pastores de Hernares*, Bartolomé López de Enciso's *Desengano de Celos*, and Cristobal Suarez de Figueroa's *Constante Amarilis*.

² In *Don Quixote*, Chap. 6 (Pt. I.) "What book is this?" asks the Curate. "The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes, said the Barber. This Cer-

manner that needed no other weight than its own dullness to drag it to the bottom of the sea of oblivion.

From the middle of the century onward the current of fiction divides. The short story makes its long-desired appearance and the tales of adventure and low life, the so-called *Novelas Picarescas* give welcome relief from the pastorals and from serious allegorical "heroic" fiction. This last form however was still to find its best representative in Gines Perez de Hita's "Civil Wars of Grenada" which the author gathered from the lips of Moors still living in his native Murcia. The first part of this historical romance, written between 1589 and 1595 may still be read with pleasure heightened by the spirited ballads which Hita collected from the mouths of the descendants of the actors themselves.

There can be little doubt that the satire of Cervantes, directed though it was against the romance of chivalry only, tended to discourage all serious fiction. Perhaps this may account for the failure of "El Cabalero Venturoso" to see the light, though the license to print was duly obtained in 1617. The work is said to be at least as good as the contemporary novels of Cispedes or the later ones of Lozano and Texada. An exception should be made perhaps in favor of "The Two Faithful Friends" (1625) which, though the scene is laid in Persia, seems to be intended to chronicle for the initiated the scandals and corruptions of the court.

The Pastoral and the Romance of Chivalry were destined to almost complete extinction. The new styles that were arising gave promise of greater permanence because they were more in accord with real life. Both the short story and the *Novela Picaresca* were based on studious observa-

vantes has been a friend of mine for many years and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses. His book has something of good invention, it proposes something but concludes nothing, so we must wait for the second part which he promises, for perhaps he will amend it so as to make it worthy of the favor now denied it. And till then, my friend, keep it shut up at home."

tion rather than on fancy. They never became introspective or analytic but they were naturalistic in the best sense. For we must remember that many things had conspired to nurse in the normal life of the Spaniard of the seventeenth century the knavish roguery that is implied in this name. They had hardly recovered from the excited unrest of the Moorish Conquest when the treasures of the new world filled them with illusory dreams of wealth and while vastly swelling the ranks of the rich adventurers tended to increase still more the number of the parasites who preyed upon them. To complete the picture we must add that the new wealth permitted a greatly increased number of students whose natural tendency to the pranks of high spirits was fostered by the character of the times.

It is remarkable that the short story which might seem the most natural of literary forms should be so late to develop in almost all languages. The first distinctly marked productions in this style in Spain are two tales by Antonio de Villegas, whose "*Historia de Narvaez*" borrowed from the Moors was imitated but not improved by Lope and Cervantes. We may place his work about 1550.

It is a story of quite exceptional interest, and though Moorish in origin could not fail to attract the Spaniards whose pride it was suited to flatter. We are told how an exiled son of the ill-starred family of the Abencerrages is captured by the Spaniard Rodrigo de Navaez while on his way to his lady-love, the daughter of the commander of a Moorish fortress, whom he was that very night secretly to marry. The chivalrous Spaniard releases his captive on his promise to return, which indeed he does, bringing the young lady with him. But of course such generous self-surrender cannot be accepted, and by the intervention of Rodrigo the Moorish parents are reconciled and the children live happy ever afterward.

The original story, as the reader may come on it after plodding through the thousand columns of the contemporary Spanish fiction republished in the great collection of the

Autores Espanoles,¹ breathes a charming spirit of freshness and grace which rises occasionally to literary beauty of no mean order. Copied by Montemayor for his "Diana" and by Lope for a play, turned into ballads by Padillo and introduced by Cervantes into "Don Quixote," the story has become one of the most familiar in Spanish literature, but it belongs with all its merit to a sentimental school of fiction which was more at home among the Moors than among the Spaniards.

A quarter of a century later we find in the "Patrañuelo" of Juan de Timoneda an effort to make such a collection of stories from various sources as had existed in literary form for a long period in France and Italy. His aim is unambitious, however. He has collected but twenty-two rather short tales covering from four to eight duodecimo pages, each preceded by a quatrain of argument. The tales themselves are commonplace and far from well told. Still less ambitious are the same author's, "Sobremesa" and "Alivio de Caminantes," which are merely a collection of trifling jests of a few lines each, and the same will apply to the twelve "Cuentos" of Juan Aragones. The real originator of the short story as a recognized form of fiction is Cervantes, who in this is at once the first and the best of Spanish writers.

In his "Don Quixote" Cervantes had introduced tentatively a number of interesting interludes, the chief of which, "The Curious Impertinent" is avowedly an independent tale, but hardly more so than some others whose connection with the adventures of the quixotic knight are of the slightest. This was in 1604. He had written other similar sketches, for he mentions one of them, "Rinconte and Cortadillo," in this very part of his great satire, but it is clear that his artistic sense forbade him to interrupt the course of his "Don Quixote" with them, and the second part is free from this artistic blemish. The material seems to have grown on his hands, however, for in 1615,

¹ Autores Esp. Vol. III., pp. 507-512.

two years before the appearance of the second part of "Don Quixote" he published twelve Exemplary Tales, so called as he tells us in his prologue, "because if you consider them well there is not one from which a profitable example may not be drawn, and if it were not tedious I would show you the savory and honest fruit which might be gathered as well from all together as from each by itself. . . . One thing, I will venture to say that if by any means the reading of these novels should lead him who read them to any evil desire or thought, I would sooner cut off the hand that wrote them than publish them, for my age is not for joking with the other life. To this my thought applies itself and thither my inclination carries me, the more since I suppose, and it is so, that I am the first who has written tales in Castillian, for the many tales that circulate in it are all translated from foreign languages and these are my own, not imitated nor stolen. My genius begot them, my pen bore them and they are nursed in the arms of the press."

It seems, however, that Cervantes had not always been quite so scrupulous, for in a manuscript collection of tales made for the Archbishop of Seville between 1606 and 1610 there is found a story which is too good to be by any other hand, "La Tia Fingida." This tale, which is quite worthy of Boccaccio or Antoine de la Salle, was long cherished by the Jesuits of S. Hermengild who suffered a bowdlerized and disinfected copy of it to be printed in 1814 by Arrieta. The whole first appeared in Berlin in 1818 under the care of the noted Græcist F. A. Wolf. It is now always included in the collection and indeed is one of the best pieces of work in it. Were it not for the comparative purity of the Spanish literature as compared with the French or Italian it hardly seems as though it need have attracted serious animadversion in the age of Beroald and Brantôme.

It is difficult to characterize clearly and yet briefly these novels of Cervantes, they are so varied in character and in style. It is not unnatural that, as one who is feeling his way in an unknown region, he treads sometimes with an uncer-

tain step. What one must most insist upon is what he himself insists upon, that these tales are in no sense studies on foreign models, they are as national and as realistic as they are original and hence naturally better appreciated in Spain than abroad, but they differ very widely from one another so that the presumption is strong that they were composed at widely different periods, indeed with regard to some this is certain. We have already seen that "Rinconete and Cortadillo" must be placed before 1604. The "Española Inglesa" cannot be put before 1611, and "La Tia Fingida" is based on an incident that occurred in 1575. The scenes of these tales are usually those which Cervantes knew from personal observation. He had been a captive among the Turks from 1575 to 1580, then at Madrid till 1588, at Seville till 1598, then at Valladolid and at Madrid again. In early life he had passed four years in Italy, and it is probable that in the interval between 1598 and 1603 he had opportunity to study country life as well as to visit Toledo and Cordova, and doubtless Salamanca also. These, with lively pictures of the seaport of Barcelona and affectionate remembrances of the fishing girls of Zahara near Cadiz, would furnish the scenes of all these tales save the one that carries the reader for a time to the court of Elizabeth, with which, as with England, the author was clearly unfamiliar. If we examine the other stories as to their chief scenes we shall find that one only, the charming gipsy tale of "Preciosa," introduces us to Madrid, one deals almost wholly with Turkish captivity, one is wholly and two are partly located in Italy, three are stories of Seville and a fourth also in great part, two deal with Salamanca, two with Toledo, and three with Valladolid. Country life plays but a very small part anywhere, though there is rather bitter satire on pastoral fiction in the "Colloquy of the Two Dogs," which is the twelfth of the tales.

Some of these tales are not stories at all. "Rinconete and Cortadillo," for example, introduces us to two young scape-graces who are promptly brought to Seville and there introduced to the king of thieves, Monipodio. Almost the

entire *novela* is taken up with a really brilliant character sketch of this community of outlaws. The strange mingling of moral unscrupulousness with religious scruple, of desperate wickedness and cringing superstition so characteristic of the Spanish criminal classes, has never been painted in such faithful colors. The introduction of Monipodio into a second story, the Dogs' Colloquy, leads one to think that Cervantes must have found or sought opportunity to study the thoughts and feelings of this class by means of direct association with them during his stay at Seville. The Colloquy, also, as has been already said, is rather a satire on contemporary Spanish manners than a story. Then, too, the "Fraudulent Marriage" is hardly more than a prelude to the Colloquy that follows, and the "Glass Licentiate" is little more than a collection of sayings by a wise fool who had been the jest of Valladolid when Cervantes visited it. The nine tales that remain are in general of a romantic cast. In four of them the interest hangs on the recovery of a lost child. A lover's search for his lady or the lady's pursuit of the runaway lover forms the subject of three others. An amusing and somewhat pathetic tale of defeated jealousy, a charming sermon on the text "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," and in "La Tia Fingida" a rollicking account of the often-restored virginity of the *facilis puella* Esperanza and her final winning of a young, handsome, wealthy, and loving husband, complete the list. No one before him had done better what he undertook to do, and in Spain he is still unrivalled. And he may continue to be for we have fallen on evil times for the story of adventure, and the *novela picaresca*, radically naturalistic though it be, gives place to more serious studies of common life.

That the universal and somewhat jealous genius of Lope should be stirred to emulate the successful labors of Cervantes was but natural, and some eleven years after the publication of the *Novelas Exemplares* he printed in a miscellaneous volume three tales which, with one that had appeared three years before, made up the whole of his work in this

field, in which he showed his versatility and wide reading, but did not add particularly to his fame. But the number of rivals was enormous. Ticknor distinguishes among them with more or less praise Hidalgo, whose "Carnival of Castille" is made up of the briefest relations of the mad pranks that such a season invited. This book, published in 1605, followed the first part of "Don Quixote" with its interspersed tales, but preceded the "Exemplary Novels." The next prominent figure is Suarez de Figueroa, but he marks a retrograde tendency, reverting to the romantic types while the tendency of the short tale in the main was steadily realistic, often naturalistic.

This we find very well exemplified in Barbadillo, whose writing falls mainly in the second and third decade of the seventeenth century. Some of his work, especially the "Ingenious Helen, daughter of Celestina," comes very close to the *novela picaresca*, into which the short tale was finally to merge. To Barbadillo's "House of Respectable Amusements" we owe also the introduction into Spain of the plan of linking stories together by a minor plot such as Boccaccio had made classic in the "Decamerone." This afforded an opportunity for the insertion of songs and for introductions of a more or less theatrical character to the tales, which accorded, as Ticknor observes, with the taste of the time, and was artistically justifiable. It was, of course, no new thing. The "Arabian Nights" and the "Seven Wise Masters" had given a model to Boccaccio, and his scheme had been already improved upon by Chaucer and by Margaret of Angoulême. But however imperfectly presented, the idea was popular in Spain, and was almost immediately taken up by Tirso in his "Cigarrales de Toledo," and he in turn was copied by Montalvan, whose "Para Todos" was perhaps the most popular work of the kind during the century.

The succession of story-tellers now became unbroken and originality began to be sought in extravagance. Among the authors, and not the worst among them, were two ladies of noble birth, Mariana de Carbajal and Maria de Zayas

In the mass it is worth while to single out only the five tales of "The Various Effects of Love and Fortune" by Alonso de Alcala, and that not for any literary merit, but because each in turn is so written as to dispense with one of the five vowels of the alphabet, for such misplaced ingenuity is a sure prelude of literary decay.

An offshoot of the short tale that assisted the development of the *novela picaresca* is the satirical sketch for which the way had been indicated by Quevedo in his "Suenos." One of the first of these is probably the best known of all though not always under its own name. I mean the "Diablo Cojuelo," the "Limping Devil" of Louis Velez de Guevara, which forms the basis of the more famous "Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage. Since the scheme of the Spanish is essentially identical with that of the French satire, it is not necessary to describe it here. It affords occasion for vivid sketches of life in Spanish cities and among all classes of society, especially, of course, among the rogues, high and low. Excellent in its way, too, is his account of the University of Love where degrees are given on due examination for proficiency in amorous intrigue.

The best of the later writers of this kind however is Francisco Santos who also was freely used by Le Sage. Especially noteworthy is his "Truth on the Rack" where in company of the Cid and other worthies she is made to reveal the reality behind the outward show of the world. The bluff frankness of the Cid, who assures the bystanders that if they would give him such a world to live in he would not accept it, is peculiarly well sustained throughout. But the prominence of satire is also a sign that a *genre* has passed its fruitful season.

Long before Santos' time, however, the short story had undergone an important development. It was natural that in contrast to the long romances of chivalry or the pastoral novels the short tales should deal by preference with real life, should be naturalistic or at least realistic. But in the painting of real life it is natural that the vices should attract

more attention than the virtues, if for no other reason because they present themselves under a greater variety of forms and assume more interesting disguises, while virtue is more monotonously consistent and more natural. Moreover the majority of readers being themselves comparatively virtuous prefer to read of conditions that present some mark of novelty to them. Hence to-day novels written for the middle class deal largely with aristocracy, while the greatest successes in the higher walks of fiction have been in the portrayal to a cultured circle of the life of the lower and the lowest social strata.

This tendency will naturally be most marked where the reading public is most restricted, and in Spain it begins in the pastoral and chivalrous romances which reached here their first and highest development and were abandoned, with a unanimity and rapidity that is quite remarkable, for the novel of low life which had the double advantage in their eyes of being true to nature and yet foreign to experience.

In this, as in the other branches of fiction, Spain was much in advance of the rest of Europe. The French novelist Sorel, writing in 1664, says that the Spaniards were "the first who made their romances natural and diverting." The Spanish "Amadis" is at once the oldest and the best romance of chivalry and "Don Quixote" the oldest and best of all the satires on this class of work, the "Conde Lucanor" preceded the "Decamerone" by half a century, the "Diana" as a pastoral romance was long without a successful rival in Europe, and so too these *novelas picarescas*, the naturalistic fiction of the day, were produced as Ticknor says, "when the rest of Europe, with a partial exception in favor of Italy, was not yet awakened to corresponding efforts of the imagination, before Madame de Lafayette had published her "Zaïde"; before Sidney's "Arcadia" had appeared or D'Urfe's "Astrée," or Corneille's "Cid," or Le Sage's "Gil Blas." In short they were at the height of their fame just at the period when the Hôtel de Rambouillet reigned supreme over the taste of France and

when Hardy, following the indications of the public will and the example of his rivals, could do no better than bring out upon the stage of Paris nearly every one of the tales of Cervantes and many of those of Cervantes' rivals and contemporaries." Thus Spain led the world in fiction till political causes left her behind in the march of civilization. From that time till comparatively recent days she has taken her inspiration from France.

The *novela picaresca* is one of the most interesting phases of all Spanish literature. If the "Celestina" be reckoned as a drama, "Lazarillo de Tormes" will be at once the first and one of the best of this class.¹ It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that its authorship should be somewhat uncertain. It has usually appeared under the patronage of Hurtado de Mendoza, a statesman of no small note at the court of Charles V. and Philip II. But though the first edition of the tale appeared in 1553 and the next year brought three others, while revisions, additions, continuations, and translations, followed almost annually, it is not till 1607 that the name of the learned Mendoza, the collector of manuscripts, bibliophilist, historian, and diplomatist, is mentioned in connection with this little but important pamphlet. It seems hardly possible that he, with all his varied genius, could have known the poverty-stricken life of the lower classes in Spain so intimately as the author of this book must have known it. Other reasons, too, serve to dispose us to the somewhat later opinion which ascribes the work to Juan de Ortega, a monk of St. Jerome, who as mendicant friar had ample means to know by experience what Mendoza could only have surmised.² For the tale displays an astonishing keenness of perception of the desolation to which her foreign glories had reduced all Spain, and especially the country population.

¹ *Autores Espanoles*, Vol. III., pp. 77-90; first continuation, ib. 91-100; second continuation (Luna), 100-128.

² Those who seek a fuller discussion of this question will find it well treated by Morel-Fatio in his *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, and most satisfactorily in Laufer's *Der erste Schelmenroman*, Stuttgart, 1889.

The opening scene introduces us to Lazarillo, who had been so-called from the stream of that name, for he was born in a mill over it. His father, the miller, is a thief who presently suffers the penalty of his crime. The mother associates herself with a Moor who soon comes to a like end. In these straits she is glad to rid herself of the son by giving him to be a blindman's guide. Their various schemes to trick one another give a brilliant though rather drastic picture of miserly beggary and heartlessness. The boy at length arranges with diabolical calmness to let the blind man stun himself by leaping violently against a stone pillar, and escapes from him to fall into the hands of a clergyman, his second master.

Here, too, he suffers from miserly meanness and is driven to seek food to supplement his ridiculously scanty fare by pilfering a chest where the priest was wont to keep the remains of blessed bread used for distribution in church. The only relief to his hunger were the funeral feasts. He grows to feel a ghoulish delight when summoned to attend the priest for the last sacraments and a horrid regret if the patient chances to recover. Here we have also a curious picture of the priest at the offering, with one eye on the bag in which the boy collected the offerings, and the other on the fingers of the youth lest he should filch anything from it. "His eyes rolled about his head as though they were of quicksilver." One of the most famous and familiar passages of the entire piece relates the various fortunes of the contest of the servant for a share in what he called the "bread paradise" of the priest. He procures a duplicate key to the box. His peculations are observed. He makes holes in it that they may be attributed to mice. He carries the key in his mouth, and is at last discovered by a whistling noise which he chances to make with it there in his sleep. The priest's remarks, as he discharges him: "I can't have so smart a servant as you. You must have been a blindman's boy."

Then Lazarillo passes to the service of the most sym-

pathetic of the characters of the whole book, a poor nobleman, antetype of Calderon's Don Mendo in the "Alcade of Zalamea," and of many and many another in Spanish comedy and romance, empty of stomach and purse but full of dignity and a certain *pundonor* which finds its highest representative in the Knight of the Woeful Countenance. In his service hunger drives Lazarillo to beg food for both alike, and yet we find only natural his touching loyalty to this companion in poverty, and we listen with a certain admiration to the knight's distorted notions of honor for which with his eyes open he has sacrificed his livelihood. Though the shrewd Lazarillo says rightly enough: "Dear God: how many there may be like him in the world who for a whim that they call honor bear what they would not bear for Thy sake."

This master is at length constrained to fly from his creditors and Lazarillo falls for a brief week into the services of a friar, as fond of society and "the worthy women of the town" as ever he was of the Canterbury pilgrimage. He gave the boy the first shoes he ever had, but he made him wear them out too speedily on his many errands, and so he was glad to seek service with a peddler of indulgences.

The conduct of this, his fifth master was no doubt typical of a phase of the religious life of the time, but it is no wonder that the keen satire aroused the denunciation of the Inquisition. All the more significant it becomes that the criticism was generally recognized as true and hence it was found hopeless to suppress it. For though this as well as the preceding chapter was omitted in the emasculated edition of 1573 and while the Inquisition endured, that is till 1831, was never afterward printed in Spain, yet countless editions printed in France and elsewhere made it familiar. The passage is even cited *in extenso* in a school reader intended for South American use.

The trickery and pretended miracles of the indulgence monger are after all only such as Chaucer's Pardoner would have employed. He used to bribe the country clergy who

are exhibited here as both wretchedly poor and wretchedly ignorant, he imposes on the wealthy by his pretended learning and tricks the credulous laity by cures and exorcisms practised on his well trained confederates so that they become eager purchasers of his spiritual wares. Even young Lazarillo is shocked by the blasphemy when at last it is revealed to him.

Reflecting that "many such jests may be played by tricksters on the credulous" he seeks service with a painter and then with one of the cathedral clergy who seems to have combined with his clerical office the worldly one of a water carrier. In this service Lazarillo gets a start in life and attains the poor Spaniard's ambition, to dress in fine clothes though they be cast off ones. He abandons his menial duties and reaches at length that second goal of Spanish ambition, an office, "for," as he says "he saw no one could get on without one." First he became a messenger in a police court, then a town crier of wines. In this function he won the esteem of a priest who vouchsafed to marry him to one of his female retainers at the scandal of whose continued presence in the priest's house he chose to turn a deaf ear, for did not the amiable prelate assure him that "one who listens to scandal will never be happy?"

So ends the original "Lazarillo." The author seems to have intended a continuation of which the fragment introducing the German mercenary troops was probably designed to make a part. But the book did not lack supplementers. Yet one and all of them failed to see that in bringing his hero to an independent condition the author had brought his book to an artistic conclusion. No one who has read the efforts of Martin Nuncio and Luna will counsel the "courteous reader" to a like trial of his patience. These continuators, often men whose talents deserved a more worthy employment, fell on all the great works of Spanish fiction of this time, like crows on carrion. It is a curious chapter in the trials of authors and the history of the development of the idea of literary property.

"Guzman de Alfarache,"¹ the first independent work in the style of the "Lazarillo," did not appear till nearly a half century later. Like his prototype Guzman leaves his widowed mother and is tossed about in the world as scullion, errand boy, thief, fine gentleman, gambler, soldier, beggar, and cardinal's page till Aleman leaves him in the service of a French diplomatist. This much was printed in 1599. Aleman took up the story again in 1605, satirizing fiercely a conscienceless imitator, Sayavedra, and carrying his hero through various changes of fortune to the galleys. A third part the author promised but never wrote.

The vogue of Spanish literature at this time may be judged from the fact that this story, which to modern readers will seem at the least tedious, was translated into English, French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, and Latin. Le Sage in the next century based upon it his own tale of like name and improved it greatly by purging it, as he says, of "its superfluous moral reflections."

Other literary efforts in this direction can only be named here. The year that saw the second part of "Guzman" saw also the "Picara Justina," a work of very considerable length which is but dreary reading, and thirteen years later Espinel published his "Marcos de Obregan," interesting to us especially as being the starting point of "Gil Blas," Le Sage's most famous novel. Mention is due also to Yanez, a physician of Segovia, whose "Alonzo Servant of Many Masters" was published from 1624 to 1626. But the next year saw a far more important production, probably the best work of this kind in Spain, Quevedo's "Paul the Sharper," which still continues to interest the literary world and has recently been reprinted both in French and English with elaborate illustrations.

Some idea of the character of the tale may be got from even a brief summary. Paul is the son of a barber and a bawd, and brought up to steal. A bright chapter on his life

¹ In *Autores Españoles*, Vol. iii. pp. 185-363. The continuation by Mateo Luzan, ib. 363-430.

at school, with the Twelfth-tide celebration where he is "king," is followed by perhaps the most ghastly account of boarding-school horrors that literature affords, though the subject is well worn. From school he goes, as a sort of fag for a fellow student, to the University of Alcalá. Several chapters are occupied with student pranks here, but presently he betakes himself back to Segovia to assume the inheritance of his father, whom his uncle, the hangman, had executed. The drunken carouses in the executioner's house, where they ate mince-pies "with a short prayer for the soul to whom the flesh belonged," is disgusting, but interesting as a study of manners. Paul's life as a sharper begins with his life in Madrid, which fills the latter and larger half of the tale. Scenes of shiftiness, poverty, of prison life, of gambling and luxurious debauchery, follow in quick succession. At last he goes off with a troop of actors to Toledo,¹ and after gambling, drinking, and murdering, betakes himself at last in the company of a woman quite worthy of him to the West Indies.

The story is witty, and briskly told. We do not feel the omnipresent gnawing of hunger as in the "Lazarillo," but on the other hand "Paul" has a less artistic close. Though it contains some filthy expressions and scenes, the book cannot justly be called immoral, and even in this regard it is much cleaner than the "Visions" of the same author. And yet, in spite of its excellence, it is clear that with Paul of Segovia the *novela picaresca*, pure and simple, began to pall. The works that followed, as for instance the popular "Seville Weasel" of Solorzano are, as Ticknor has observed, less strictly picaresque. A romantic element begins to intrude itself, and the general character becomes less

¹ Here occurs this passage, interesting for the history of the Spanish Drama. "We acted a play written by one of the actors, and I was surprised that they were poets, for I thought that that belonged only to learned men and wise and not to such lay fellows; but now the way is that there is no author (stage manager) who does not write comedies, nor actor who does not make his farce of Moors and Christians." He implies that it had been different formerly in the day of Lope de Rueda and Ramon.

true to the every day life of the time, as we may see it, for instance, in the autobiography of that court-fool of Octavio Piccolomini, Estavanillo Gonzalez, a scholarly, poetical, lying, cowardly scoundrel, who as cook, footman and body servant, had served other distinguished men in many parts of Europe. The study of such books as this and the contemporary German "*Simplicissimus*" should satisfy us that the *novela picaresca* is no grotesque exaggeration. It is a study from life, and therefore it continues to interest us while the romances of chivalry, the pastorals and the so-called moral fiction of the time, have practically perished from the minds of men. And has it not also a political lesson? Was it worth while to gather the gold and silver of the Indies, to destroy the civilization and enslave the populations of Mexico and Peru to produce the national development to which Lazarillo and Paul and Guzman and Estevanillo bear witness?

J. A.

PAPER CURRENCY IN COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA.¹

South Carolina was the first among the colonies to introduce a modification of the paper money system. Bills of credit were issued, not merely as a fiscal expedient, but as a contrivance for the advancement of trade. At the close of the seventeenth century the currency problem in the province was practically the same as in all the other colonies. Gold and silver were exceedingly scarce and prices correspondingly low. The natural tendency under these conditions would be an influx of specie. The needs of the new colony, however, and the restrictive commercial policy of England kept year after year the balance of trade in favor of the mother country, to settle which the constant exportation of specie was necessary. The colony suffered from a chronic state of monetary stringency. Very little coin was to be found at all; and that little came through the illicit trade carried on with Mexico and the West Indies. Moreover the imported coins were of many different kinds, and circulated at prices varying from par to fifty per cent. of their face value. Several attempts were made, both in England and in South Carolina, to regulate their values in terms of sterling money. But the acts of parliament and the proclamations of the sovereign were generally disregarded, while the acts of the assembly were never in effect long, and were repealed for the reason that more harm to commerce was believed to be done by the attempts to regu-

¹The original sources consulted are Trott's *Laws of South Carolina*; Grimké's *Laws of South Carolina*; Brevard's *Digest of the Laws of South Carolina*; *Statutes at Large of South Carolina*; and Carroll's *Historical Collections of South Carolina*. Of general works of reference, the histories of Bancroft and Hildreth are the most important; while of works bearing more especially on South Carolina the chief are the histories by Simms, Ramsay, Drayton, Archdale, and Hewat; lastly, reference must be made to Whitney's monograph on the *Government of the Colony of South Carolina*.

late the value of the various coins than would result if the merchants were left to make their own agreements.

With the opening of the eighteenth century began the period of paper money. The abortive expedition against St. Augustine — the invasion of the province by Feboure — the expedition against the Tuscarora Indians — the Yamassee war and the suppression of the pirates, all took place between 1701 and 1719, and drew after them debt, taxes, paper-issue, and depreciation.

By the act of Assembly, May 8, 1703, South Carolina, "following the examples of many great and rich countries who have maintained themselves in their exigencies with credit funds, which have fully answered the ends of money, and given the people besides a quick circulation of their trade and cash," authorized the issue of six thousand pounds in bills of credit to pay the debts incurred by the expedition against St. Augustine. These notes were issued in denominations ranging from fifty shillings to twenty pounds; they bore interest at twelve per cent.; they were made receivable for all public dues and a legal tender in all private transactions. By the same act a tax was laid for their retirement. But the current necessities of the colony absorbed the total income from it. Succeeding acts of Assembly indemnify the treasurer for applying the sinking fund to other purposes, continue the bills current, and authorize new issues. Within seven years 25,000 pounds were emitted, of which 16,000 pounds remained current on March 1, 1710, the remainder having been redeemed or lost and destroyed. After the first issue the interest-bearing feature was discarded since it kept the notes out of circulation and caused them to be hoarded.

From 1703 to 1712 the credit of paper money was undiminished,—exchange being repeatedly quoted at fifty per cent. advance. Why this discount took effect from the beginning does not appear from any of the sources consulted. The important fact is that it was unvarying. The notes circulated freely and ample funds were

provided for their redemption. But a new project, theoretically very plausible, contrary to the expectations of its friends, brought on depreciation. Interest was high, and the value of lands rose yearly by virtue of the introduction and successful culture of rice; these conditions suggested the idea of a land bank as an easy and practicable mode of obtaining money and of supporting the credit of paper. The bank act of 1712 authorized the enormous issue of 52,000 pounds; of which 16,000 were to be exchanged for the old bills, 4,000 to be applied to the payment of current expenses of the government, and 32,000 pounds to be loaned out at interest to such of the inhabitants as could give the requisite security and agreed to pay ten per cent. interest annually in addition to the twelfth part of the principal. On their emission, the rate of exchange and the price of all produce quickly increased. Ten years later the rate of exchange was fixed by law at four to one. A further depreciation resulted from the large sums issued in bills of credit to defray the heavy expenses of the war with the Yamassee Indians in 1716. The people lost confidence in the colonial bills of credit, the multiplication and extension of which was so easy and tempting.

In 1716 it appears that there were 58,000 pounds of bills of credit in circulation, over and above the amount of the bank bills outstanding. Governor Johnson, the representative of the proprietors, had instructions to reduce the paper currency. He recommended to the assembly to consider ways and means to this end. The Indian war had occasioned a scarcity of provisions, large issues of paper had lowered its value, both causes contributed, therefore to raise the price of country commodities. The merchants and money lenders were losers by these bills of credit; and the planters, who were generally in debt, gained by them. Hence stormy debates arose in the assembly between the planting and mercantile interests. The governor had sufficient influence to prevail upon the assembly to pass a law for sinking and paying off their bills of credit in three years, by a tax on

land and negroes. Their act for that purpose, gave great satisfaction both to the proprietors and the people concerned in trade.

This compliance of the assembly gave the governor some hope of reconciling them gradually to the supreme jurisdiction of the proprietors ; but his hope was of short duration. The planters finding the tax act burdensome, began to complain and to contrive ways and means of eluding it by stamping more bills of credit. The proprietors having information of this, and also of a design formed by the assembly to set a price on all country commodities and make them at such a price a good tender in law for payment of all debts, enjoined the governor not to give his assent to any bill passed by the assembly, nor to render it of any force in the colony, before a copy thereof had been laid before them. At the same time several of the measures which had been so popular were disallowed by the proprietors, the assembly was dissolved, and another elected. When this new assembly met it declined to act as an assembly, and assumed the character of a revolutionary "convention." A conspiracy was formed, quietly and quickly, the revolution was successful, proprietary control was thrown off, the colony was purchased by the crown and passed under its immediate care and protection.

In 1722 estimates show that only 8,000 pounds of the 52,000 pounds issued by the bank act of 1712 remained unredeemed. But there were in addition 72,000 pounds of various later issues outstanding, besides 40,000 pounds just authorized to be issued by consent of the royal governor who had but recently replaced the proprietary representative. The rate of exchange, after passing through all the intermediate grades of depreciation, was finally fixed at seven hundred pounds of currency to one hundred pounds sterling.

The governor's assent to the issuance of forty thousand pounds early in 1722 had the intended effect of making the people more pleased with their change of government, but it paved the way for demanding still further issues. In the

latter part of 1722 a bill was introduced into the assembly for adding 120,000 pounds to the paper money of the colony. But when this bill was introduced, twenty-eight of the principal merchants of Charleston remonstrated against the emission, and in a petition on the subject, which they presented to Governor Nicholson, alleged as the chief cause of the present excessive depreciation "that every legislative engagement for recalling the various emissions of bills had been broken through by every assembly." Provoked at this plain statement of unpalatable truth, the assembly pronounced the merchants' petition "a false and scandalous libel," and committed the petitioners to prison for breach of privilege. Neither the governor nor the council dared to interfere, and the prisoners were only discharged upon confessing their fault, and paying a large sum in the name of fees. The bill for this new emission of paper, though passed by the assembly, was disallowed in England, and instructions were sent to Governor Nicholson to consent to no new law for "erecting" a further paper currency, nor to any act for diverting the sinking funds already established. The assembly used every art to induce the governor to disregard these orders. But, anxious as he was to please, the risk of removal was more than he dared encounter. As no more paper money could be had, a law was passed making rice, at certain fixed rates, a legal tender in payment of debts.

Meanwhile, by the action of the laws for the retirement of the bills of credit and for raising taxes for that purpose, considerable sums were being annually retired. Apprehending a scarcity of money from this cause, the assembly in December of 1725 tacked a clause to the annual revenue bill repealing all laws for retiring the bills. The council proposed to strike out this provision; but the assembly denied their right to amend money bills, and the only option left the council was to submit to a failure of supplies, or to break the royal instructions. This policy was followed up the next year, 1726, by a bill for the issue of additional paper, which, however, the council refused to pass. In con-

sequence of this refusal, an association was entered into by the planters not to pay taxes, under pretense of inability to do so, unless aided by the issue of paper currency. Disputes between the two houses, the lower unanimously in favor of, and the upper as unanimously opposing bills of credit, were carried to such a height that there was not one legislative act passed between the years 1727 and 1731. When the council refused to pass laws favorable to paper money, the provincial House of Commons declined their concurrence in any laws whatever. Each branch endeavored to throw on the other the odium of involving the country in the evils which resulted from a suspension of all legislation. The House of Commons finally carried its point; for an act to emit 210,000 pounds in bills of credit to be loaned out at eight per cent. was passed in 1736.

The substance of the arguments in support of the bill and in opposition to it may be gathered respectively from the preamble of the act as passed, and from the written protest against it filed by three members of the council. The preamble reads as follows :

“Forasmuch as it is absolutely necessary that in all countries and places wherein is carried on any considerable trade and commerce, there should be a sufficient currency or medium of trade therein, for the better negotiating thereof; and whereas, through the great want of other currency, it has been found necessary for thirty years past to stamp and emit paper bills of credit in this province, for the better support of the government, as well as for a medium of trade therein and for carrying on the commerce thereof, and, which by long experience have been found to answer the ends aforesaid; and whereas, the trade of this province hath for these twelve years past been very greatly increasing, insomuch that the sum in paper bills of credit, which so many years ago was sufficient to answer all the exigencies and demands in trade, is now altogether insufficient for that purpose, by reason whereof, and the extreme scarcity of money, the trade of this province becomes greatly obstructed, the affairs of the government very much hindered, and the payment of debts retarded and in great measure rendered impracticable; for rem-

edy whereof, and for the better support of government, and that a medium in commerce may be by law established in this province and made current, by being put on a sure, equitable and lasting foundation, "it is prayed that" 210,000 pounds be issued, equal to 30,000 pounds sterling, . . . which shall be deemed lawful and current money.

To this three of the counsellors protested as follows :

First, . . . for that there is no present necessity for enlarging the said paper credit of the colony because it is notoriously evident that the course of exchange between sterling money and the present paper credit, within this two years last past hath advanced in proportion from seven to ten shillings Carolina money on every twenty shillings sterling, to the great prejudice not only of all persons concerned in trade in this province, but to all merchants in Great Britain, trading here, who have very large debts outstanding in this province.

Secondly, because the nominal value of the issue so many fold exceeds its sterling value.

Thirdly, because the bills will have no steady ascertainable value nor will the possessors of them have any guarantee of receiving just recompense and satisfaction for them.

Fourthly, because nevertheless they are made a legal tender in payment of all debts.

Fifthly, for that as it has been found by constant experience that the continued increase of this sort of paper currency has from time to time depreciated the credit of the paper currency, wrought up the course of exchange to what it now is, seven hundred and forty pounds and upwards, of the now current bills for one hundred pounds sterling ; so by enlarging the present currency the same will diminish its value, increase the price of the commodities of the country, raise the course of exchange, and be highly detrimental to the trading interests.

Lastly, because their currency was made perpetual, contrary 'to the royal instructions, reciting the great inconveniences that have heretofore happened in South Carolina from the issuing of large sums of paper money without sufficient funds for the gradual repaying and cancelling of the same.'"

Of the 210,000 pounds authorized to be issued by this law, 100,000 pounds were to replace old and worn bills, and

the remainder, 110,000 pounds, was to be loaned on mortgage security at eight per cent. interest payable in gold and silver at a ratio of approximately one pound in coin to seven in currency. The commissioners were further required to invest five-eighths of the interest money in mortgages until the whole mortgage investment of the colony should amount to 210,000 pounds. To encourage the importation of gold and silver a discount of ten per cent. on all duties was paid in specie.

Ten years later, in 1746, an act was passed without serious opposition containing for the most part the same provisions. It authorized the issue of 100,000 pounds to replace old and worn bills, and 110,000 pounds to be loaned on mortgage security as before. There were the same provisions for the payment of interest in specie and for the investment of five-eighths of the interest annually up to the total of 100,000 pounds. On the other hand the discount on the payment of customs and duties in specie was omitted and provision was made for the retirement of the mortgage bonds in ten annual installments, beginning when the total investment should have reached the maximum figure, 210,000 pounds. Apparently the provisions of this act were carried out with some degree of faithfulness, for there are indications of a rising public credit.

In 1748 an issue of 106,500 pounds was authorized for replacing worn bills of former issues. In 1769, for the last time, a similar amount was issued for the same purpose. The preamble recites that "the present lawful paper bills of credit in this province, amounting to the sum of one hundred and six thousand five hundred pounds, now outstanding, are become old, and, by passing through many hands, obliterated, torn and defaced, so that their denominations are very difficult to be distinguished." A limit of two years was set for the retirement of the old issue. It is to be inferred from this act that the bills of credit current in the colony did not then exceed the amount named.

Meanwhile trouble with the Cherokee Indians in 1760

caused an expenditure of over 300,000 pounds. To raise this sum resort was had to public orders, a form of anticipated revenue or forced loan. Public orders were issued to the amount of 316,699 pounds, entitling the bearer to so many pounds of credit in the current money of the province and receivable in payment of all public dues for a period of five years but no longer. Their retirement in five annual installments was ordered and tax laws were passed accordingly. This is the largest issue of credit at one time in the history of the colony. The orders were intended to circulate; the provisions for their retirement were faithfully executed from the beginning and they suffered no depreciation. In 1770 an issue of public orders to the amount of 70,000 pounds was made under similar regulations and with similar results.

As the disputes between the American colonies and the mother country approached their climax in 1776, South Carolina entered with enthusiasm and patriotic devotion upon the defense of American liberties, and assumed large financial responsibilities. Though the treasury was empty, the colony was rich in resources; before the spring of 1777, 300,000 Spanish milled dollars had been appropriated and paper bills of credit issued in anticipation of it all. The strict observance by the colony in recent years of good faith in performing all its contracts had placed public credit on a sound basis and prepared the way for the currency of everything stamped with public authority. The scarcity of specie made the issue of paper money very acceptable since the transfer of property was greatly facilitated thereby.

The paper currency retained its value undiminished for one year and nine months, from June 1775, to April 1777. At this latter date a depreciation commenced destructive to credit, ruinous to the moneyed interests, and greatly detrimental to the success of military operations. Continental bills of credit were current in the State as well as its own bills, and contributed much to the depreciation of the local emissions. Up to 1780 these amounted to a total of \$8,000,-

ooo. In April 1777, 108 pounds of paper money of the recent issues were required to make 100 pounds of good money; in May 1780, 5,248 pounds in bills of credit were required in exchange for 100 pounds sterling. After this the bills ceased to circulate.

The possessors of the paper money who, either from accident or sagacity, conjectured rightly in the beginning that floods of paper money would be issued, and would subsequently be depreciated, concluded that it would be better to purchase any kind of property than to lay up their money. But on the other hand, the progressive superabundance of currency produced a daily rise in the price of commodities and the deceitful sound of large sums tempted many possessors of real property to sell. The purchasers, if indulged with the usual credit, or if they took the advantage which the delays of the courts allowed, could pay for the whole by reselling an inconsiderable part. The sanguine, flattering themselves with delusive hopes of the speedy termination of the war, were often induced to sell lest a sudden peace should depreciate the money, in which case it was supposed they would lose the present opportunity of selling to great advantage. From the same principles some hoarded up the bills of credit in preference to purchasing solid property at a supposed extravagant price. They mistook the diminished value of the money for an increasing price of commodities, and therefore concluded that by buying little, selling much, and retaining their paper currency they were laying foundations of permanent future wealth. That the money should finally sink or that it should be redeemed by a scale of depreciation were events neither foreseen nor expected by the people at large. Congress and the provincial legislatures, for the first five years of the war, did not entertain the most distant idea of such a breach of public faith.

Many attempts were made to preserve the credit of the currency. State and Continental loan offices were opened and subscriptions solicited, that the necessity of further

emissions might be diminished. But the amounts thus raised fell so far short of what was needed that further emissions could not be restrained. When the small quantities of specie which still remained began to be exchanged for paper bills at an advance, an act of assembly was passed prohibiting any person from demanding or receiving for any article a larger sum in paper than in specie. It is needless to say that it was utterly ineffectual. But all debts could be paid in paper, though for new purchases it was of much less value.

Much of the evil occasioned by the legal tender of paper bills might have been prevented if the laws respecting it had confined its operations to future contracts. A great deal might have been done at an early period by taxation to support the credit of the money. "It is remarkable, that though the American Revolution took place only forty years after these events (referring to the issuance of 210,000 pounds in 1736), they were so little known as to be never referred to in the debates relative to paper money. In the interval a new race had sprung up who had no personal knowledge of them. Tradition was obscure, history was silent. Newspapers gave no information. Old official records were seldom examined or referred to. From these causes the Carolinians of 1776 had little knowledge of what their forefathers had done in 1736." The engrossing interest in the events of the day tended to divert attention from the past. But had all precautions been taken, depreciation would still have resulted, only in a more moderate degree, for there were no resources adequate to the raising of sufficient supplies without large emissions of paper money.

Acknowledgment on the part of the State of debt and of the sum due was given to the creditor in the form of an indent. Interest on these evidences of debt was paid by another paper called a special indent. These were issued annually for five years, and were made receivable for taxes which were annually imposed for their redemption.

Bills of credit declared a legal tender in all payments, served the purpose of a forced loan, without encountering the same obstacles, or exciting the same clamor, as the direct collection of taxes. The system was this: the State owes money, and is without means to pay it; an act is passed issuing bills of credit to its debtors, promising to pay by a certain date; these bills of credit are then made a legal tender, and thus become a form of currency; by the same act taxes are ordered to be levied in amounts sufficient to pay off the State debts; the bills of credit are made receivable for taxes at par with gold and silver; it is far more convenient to pay taxes in these bills of credit for they have usually depreciated somewhat, and are so sought after for the purpose of paying them into the State Treasury; it is cheaper to pay taxes with them; so the State gets in very little money by the raising of taxes, but the bills of credit are gotten back, the debts are cancelled, and all that has been desired has been accomplished. By this method the State was enabled to use the money to be raised by taxes several months before its collection. Even the depreciation of the bills tended to make them popular; for debtors, always a large class, especially in a new country, were thus enabled to discharge their debts at a discount, while a rise of prices in proportion to the depreciation gave a fallacious appearance of general prosperity. The scarcity of money, in other words, the appreciation of the currency, caused by the rapid diminution of the circulating paper paid off by the taxes imposed to redeem it was represented as a public calamity; for which a remedy was sought in the paper money loan system. "A system neither more or less than a contrivance for raising out of the public at large a fund to be loaned out as trading capital to the more active and adventurous members of the community. Thus commenced a scheme of policy under one shape or another indefatigably advocated from that day since—a scheme devised and sustained by those active business men as they are called, who strive to make the capital of the rich and

the labor of the poor alike subservient to their plans of profit—a class numerically small, but whose superior activity and sagacity have given them always a decided and generally a controlling weight in public affairs.” This is an extreme view ; we do not believe the system to have been inaugurated with such intentions ; but that such was to a great extent its practical operation, there can be little doubt.

B. WOFFORD WAIT.

ROMANCE WRITING AMONG THE GREEKS.¹

In the conception of Romance, two elements, or characteristics, are of the first importance: the story must deal with the passion of Love, and it must be untrue. Beyond these two requisites there may be the widest liberty of choice, of development, of detail; but untruth—*fiction*, that is—and love are imperative. The passion may be a successful or an unsuccessful one; pure or guilty; open or concealed. The persons who come and go before us may pass through fiery furnaces of affliction, and hair-breadth 'scapes by land and sea; or they may have only the forces of their own souls to battle with, and burn out their little lives in the quiet of an obscure village. The tendency of any tale may be moral or immoral; virtue may be rewarded, or vice triumphant. But love we must have, and untruth we must have; and the romance is faithful to this latter requirement in having most often a happy and satisfactory ending. "As real history gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue," says Lord Bacon, "fiction corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded or punished according to merit."²

¹ Rohde, E., *Der griechische Roman und seine Vorläufer*. Leipzig, 1876. Chassang, A., *Histoire du Roman et de ses Rapports avec l'Histoire dans l'Antiquité grecque et latine*. 2e éd. Paris, 1862. Nicolai, A., *Ueber Entstehung und Wesen des griechischen Romans*. Neue Auflage. Berlin, 1867. Huet, P. D., *Lettre sur l'Origine des Romans*. 8e éd. Paris, 1711, Villemain, A. F., *Essai sur les Romans grecs* (Etudes de Littérature ancienne et étrangère, nouv. éd.) Paris, 1854. Dunlop, J., *History of Fiction*. 3d. ed. London, 1845. Warren, F. M., *History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century*. New York, 1895.

² Bacon, *De Aug. Scient.* l. II., p. 1. Rohde (*Der Griechische Roman*, p. 284) says, more emphatically: "This superficial principle of 'poetic justice' may perhaps be called *just*; it is certainly not *poetic*, simply because it is so wholly unreal. The fortunes of mankind do not proceed according to this principle; were it so, what would be the occasion for the ever-renewed attempts to establish by religious means a casual connection between virtue

Even the exceptions will convince us of the truth and universality of our rule. To the latter requirement there is no real exception; no romance can exist which does not wholly or chiefly consist of untruth—of invention. By untruth we do not, of course, mean unreality or improbability. Even the impossible may amuse us by its absurdity, or attract us by its apparent desirability; and, as Aristotle says, a real impossibility that is made to seem probable is better than a possibility that appears improbable. But a writer must be at once audacious and skillful who invades the regions of the impossible. By our use of the word “untruth” we mean simply that departure from historical truth—that use of the imagination either in the creation or the supplementing of characters and events—without which fiction could not exist. Even in the historical novel the writer must enlarge the meagre traditions of history by characters of his own creation, to which the historical personages often play a subordinate part; and even these latter must be animated by the novelist’s vision and imagination to perform fictitious deeds and give utterance to invented thoughts. Truth, in a higher sense—truth to human nature, and to the great principles that influence speech and action—there is in abundance in the creations of the great writers; more than there is in the barren, lifeless bones of history itself.¹

But truth in the literal sense is, in the most faithful narrative, overwhelmed and lost in the flood of invention; and it becomes a question of minor consequence whether any story is “founded upon fact” or not. It is hard to believe

and happiness—a connection which an uninstructed person is unable to discover in this world, and which even the believer can find, at the last, only in the eternal Beyond of another world of purest justice?”

¹“To invent a story, or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens; which to do requires a colossal intellect. . . . I unhesitatingly receive as a greater manifestation of power the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse.”—Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, vol. III. c. 16.

that the perception of what a person of given character would say or do under given circumstances can be any more accurate than some of the most brilliant and unhappy conjectural restorations of ancient inscriptions.

A novel is indeed possible without the other of our requirements, the passion of love; but one would have to think long before naming more than two or three great works of fiction in which this element is wanting. Love is the universal, the master-passion of mankind; all others, picturesque and interesting as they may be, are spasmodic, occasional phenomena, common enough to be understood and enjoyed; but love alone can appeal to every man and woman's personal experience. In its influence upon the history of nations, it can be rivalled only by the effects of ambition; in its power over the individual it stands alone. Love is, and will remain, the prime motive of creative literature—poetry, the drama, and fiction.¹ Since few "romances in real life" are very interesting or pathetic, the love-story must be an invented one, wearing the appearance of truth and probability, but chosen with an artist's eye for the selection and composition of more varied and harmonious elements than are to be found in nature.

The novel, as we have it to-day, is eminently a modern growth—a development of the last hundred years, as rapid and perfect as that of the Greek drama. The complexity of plot in Wilkie Collins, and the deep psychological insight

¹ One may perhaps question whether the love-motive, powerful as it is in real life, has not been given a somewhat exaggerated importance in literature. Bulwer has argued to this effect (*The influence of Love upon Literature and Real Life, Miscellaneous Prose Works* vol. II.), maintaining that our modern English novelists merely follow in the track of Richardson. Mr. Jowett also says, (*Introduction to Plato's Republic*); "Whether the stimulus which love has given to fancy is not now exhausted, may fairly be doubted. The philosopher may be excused if he imagines an age when poetry and sentiment have disappeared, and truth has taken the place of imagination, and the feelings of love are understood and estimated at their proper value." In spite of the learning and ingenuity that may be lavished upon such an argument, novelists will continue to write, and all the world to read, tales in which love is the chief motive..

of George Eliot, will seem to us, each in its own way, the highest achievement of human genius, until some greater master shall arise and demonstrate the possibility of still more consummate work.¹ If we find that this excellence has been attained wholly or chiefly in a single century, and if fiction has grown so rapidly in popularity that it is now read more than all other classes of books put together, we may well be led to ask why this species of literature was so late in coming into existence. The art of lying has been practised in all ages, since the days of Cain; and though some savages are reported who could not conceive of the telling of an untruth,² they are an anomaly, for the savage is less proficient than the civilized man in deception only by reason of his inferior education and skill. The book of Job heads a long series of fictitious narratives, written in every land and age, for the purpose of moral instruction; and the practice of story-telling, at least when it has a moral purpose, is sanctioned by the parables of the New Testament. Why, then, did not the fertile invention of the best periods of literature in the ancient and modern world, assume just that form of expression which we call fiction; why were the steps toward complete and perfect romance so slowly and hesitatingly taken, and so soon retracted?

In the Greek world, for instance, where we may perhaps linger profitably for a while, the embryonic romance came into existence so quietly and unpretentiously that we cannot fix the date of its birth within a century or two. Rohde, who has investigated the whole subject with brilliant and

¹ Of the relative value of these two elements—action and passion—the reader of varied tastes may perhaps find it hard to judge; nevertheless it is interesting to hear what Schopenhauer has to say on the subject: "A romance is of higher and nobler sort, according as it represents more inward and less outward life. . . . Tristram Shandy has hardly any action, the New Héloïse, Wilhelm Meister, and Don Quixote little; and these four romances are the consummation of this kind of writing."—*Parerga*, II, pp. 473f.

² Plato felt obliged to disprove at some length in the *Sophist*, the eristic argument that falsehood is impossible, since we cannot think or affirm that which does not exist.

profound learning, says hesitatingly that it *may* have been in the first century before Christ; yet he fixes the date of the first known writer, Antonius Diogenes, in the first century *after* Christ; and even thus he anticipates by two centuries the commonly received opinion.¹ Certain it is that there is no complete development before the third century of our era, or even later. From this time there is a meagre succession of romance writers known to us, continuing, of course intermittently, to modern times, but ending, so far as the ancient world is concerned, with a miserable Byzantine, only two centuries before the last pitiful relic of the Eastern Empire fell at the hands of the Turks. In this period of a thousand years we have eight extant romances, considerable fragments of another, a Latin translation of a tenth, and more or less imperfect knowledge of a few more, none of which we can wish very ardently for, unless it be the *Tales of Miletus*.² In the earlier part of the series we find, to be sure, a power and charm which give these romances a certain value as literature, not merely as materials for literary history. So far as a weak, pedantic, and servile age was able to produce anything original or

¹ New light has recently been thrown upon this subject by the discovery of fragments of a hitherto unknown romance. The papyrus on which they are written came from Egypt, and are now in the Royal Museum at Berlin. As in the case of Aristotle's Constitution of Athens, the date of the manuscript is fixed (approximately) by dated accounts on the reverse side. In the present instance, the accounts extend from May 26, A. D. 100, to May 26, 101. The romance must have been written many years earlier, though probably in the first century after Christ. Portions of two scenes are preserved; the first amatory, the second military. The hero is Ninus—perhaps the mythical founder of Nineveh. It does not appear whether the heroine is Semiramis. The name of the author also is unknown. The same rhetorical art is evident here as in the other romances. See Wilcken, *Hermes*, vol. 28, (1893), pp. 161-193.

² For the loss of these *Tales* Bulwer has, in his own way, tried to make compensation. If any of our greater modern novelists may be compared with the Greek romancers, it is Bulwer. He has the same artificiality; he has the same learning, the "smell of the lamp;" he has the same sophistic skill. Genius he had, originality, and knowledge of the world, and has exercised a greater influence upon literature; but it was exactly the sophistic qualities of the Greek romancers that led the *Saturday Reviewer* to say, in

artistic, all the resources of the writers were lavished upon the composition of a varied and brilliant narrative; and even the poorest of these works were read and admired by the later Greeks, who knew in translation and could compare with them, the French romances of chivalry. By the law of the "survival of the fittest," which has worked so powerfully in the preservation of classical literature, we may believe that these compositions have been saved from oblivion because they seemed, at least to those who transcribed them with such care and labor, to be more worthy of attention than many other works which were left to neglect and destruction.

That the romances, insipid as they may appear to a modern reader when compared with our own powerful creations, were read with pleasure and avidity by Greeks, Romans, and Christians, is shown by an almost continuous chain of evidence. On the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians, (B. C. 53), the Milesian Tales were found among the baggage of the Romans, and, as Plutarch says, "were a good subject to supply Murena with insulting remarks upon the Romans, who were not able even in the time of war to forget such writings and practices." The popularity of romantic fiction in the second century after Christ is sufficiently attested by the Emperor Julian, who, in his advice to a priest respecting his reading, utters a special caution against this class of literature. In the fourth century, Theodorus Priscianus, a physician, prescribes romance-reading for the entertainment of invalids. Later, criticisms and even commentaries were written on the romances, and they were studied as models of style. Dignitaries of the Christian Church were familiar with them. Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, in the ninth century,

connection with his *Miscellaneous Works*: "From beginning to end . . . we long in vain for one touch of genuine, unsophisticated nature. The leaven of artificiality has too continuously and too deeply leavened the whole lump." Could anything be more like the decorated style of Achilles Tatius or Eustathius than Bulwer's description of his garden at the beginning of the already cited "*Influence of Love*?"

gives copious excerpts from several. Socrates and Nicephorus, as we shall see, speak of Heliodorus in their church histories. So wide-spread and alarming did the reading of romances become in the Christian church, that a class of Christian fiction came into existence—the Sunday-school books of those days—designed to satisfy the imagination of young proselytes, and counteract the dangerous effects of the pagan creations.¹

Through the Middle Ages Achilles Tatius seems to have been the greatest favorite. Monks in their cloisters furtively read and copied the tale of Clitophon and Leucippe, and, to prevent detection by their priors, often bound the forbidden work in a single volume between two manuals of pious contents. At the end of the ninth century the Emperor Leo the Philosopher, strangely enough, commended it for its purity. In the half-century before the text was printed, there were numerous translations into Latin, Italian, English, French, and German; and when, in 1601, the original Greek was published, it was done by the aid of several bishops.

This chain of evidence, which might be made yet more complete shows that the romances were popular and widely read from the days when they were first written to the end of the Middle Ages. To be sure, it must, as Nicolai says, have been "a very different society from that of classic Athens and Sparta which could find time or inclination to read a long tale about the private fortunes of two ordinary lovers, devoid of political or heroic interest." But the overthrow of free government and the growth of Christianity had called attention to the individual; and the taste of those ages gratified itself with what was given it, and perhaps did not fully realize the difference between these productions and the work of the highest Greek genius.

Before we proceed to consider the existing remains of

¹ Into this Christian literature we shall not go. But see an excellent article on "Early Christian Greek Romances," by S. Baring-Gould, *Contemporary Review*, XXX. p. 858.

Greek romance, it seems necessary to dwell more at length upon the origin of this species of writing; to answer, so far as is possible, the question why the prose tale of love and adventure did not come into existence in those better days when it might have been elevated, as it has been with us, to a level with poetry, history, and philosophy. Which of our two elements—untruth and passion—was wanting, or why did the two not sooner unite to form the romance?

Inventive power the Greeks possessed abundantly from the beginning. The *Odyssey* is the very glorification of lying; the hero gives false accounts of himself with such readiness, skill, and plausibility, that he wins the admiring commendation of the goddess *Athene* herself. If *Herodotus* is to be acquitted of indiscriminate falsehood, it must be at the expense of his informants. The orators were men to whom, as lawyers, we may suppose that it was natural more than once to sacrifice literal truth to make a telling point or an affecting appeal; even upon the upright *Demosthenes* this suspicion bears heavily. In *Xenophon's "Cyropædia"* the Greek fondness for fable takes for a moment a form more closely akin to that of the modern historical novel. The unpatriotic Athenian, enamored apparently of what was most in contrast with the institutions of his own state, gives us a long and purely imaginary account of education in a land where boys were taught only three things; "to ride, to shoot the bow, and to speak the truth." Here indeed is *fiction*; and the element of love is not wholly wanting, for here is the beautiful story of *Panthea* and *Abradates*. But the whole book is a sporadic appearance; it stands alone in the classical literature, the unique work of almost the only man who dared set his hand to more than one department of writing. And, novel as it is in design, it is not yet romance.

For it masquerades under the guise of history. The Greek lie was told to be *believed*. Lying for its own sake, lying that deceived nobody, may have been interesting enough, but it had not yet been exalted into a profession. Plato, indeed,

employs "myths" or parables to convey moral truth, which are unlike the parables of the Christian teaching by being unreal; but these are brief and subordinate. When, in later times, stories of marvelous adventure had grown more and more audacious and absurd, while yet on their face they made a pretense to truth, Lucian, who wrote his "Veritable History" in ridicule of these productions, makes a humorous explanation that "nothing in his book is true, and no one need believe more of it than he chooses." Verily it sounds as if this were the first instance of a fictitious composition that dared to pose openly as such.

Although Lucian treats the tales which he satirizes as due to a reprehensible fondness for lying, the purpose that inspired them was often a nobler and a moral one. Dissatisfied with the actual state of morals and politics, and longing for a purer, wiser world, men of philosophic minds tried to fancy a people who should live according to the laws of reason and piety. Since such a race nowhere existed in the known world, it was sought in remote and fabulous regions, which could be reached only after an adventurous voyage. And since a truth impresses the mind most effectually when illustrated by definite names and events, these conceptions of a happier land were cast in the form of pleasing tales. It was the same impulse, the same purpose, which in the last century inspired Rousseau and later Chateaubriand to dream of a supposed "life according to nature." For these Utopias the example had been set by Homer in his account of the Phæacians. Plato, in the noblest of his works, has expressed his idea of the perfect state in an abstract form; in the unfinished "Critias" he has given an account of the mythical continent of Atlantis, afterwards submerged by the waters of the ocean — a land of fertility and good government, planned and ordained by the gods themselves. The philosophers found their material in the "yarns" of sailors and merchants, and tales of adventure in this didactic form soon became popular. All of them have perished, and we need only mention Iambulus, who is

referred to by Lucian as the author of a not unpleasing fiction. Of this Diodorus Siculus has given us an extended abstract, from which the purpose of inculcating Stoic morality at once becomes evident. With these we may class the brief but charming picture of Dion Chrysostom, a sophist of the first century after Christ, who begins his oration upon the blessings of poverty and the evils of luxury and riches by a description of humble life in the island of Eubœa.

Lucian's satire of these fictitious compositions is, like all parody, unjust. His "Veritable History" is written in the spirit of Münchhausen rather than that of Gulliver. He professes to relate his experiences on a journey to the moon and the sun, his life in the belly of an enormous fish, and various other adventures by sea. His promise to recount his wanderings by land in a continuation of his work, he has consistently seen fit to violate. But the writers whom he ridicules, absurd as they were, had in general been animated by some motive beyond the mere love of lying.

As yet the amatory motive had hardly appeared. That alone was lacking to release the timorous fiction from the necessity of being didactic, and to enable it to take its place as a new and independent form of artistic creation. This motive had, to be sure, by no means been wanting among the Greeks. In one form or another it had existed from the first. The passion of Paris for Helen was the cause of the Trojan War; the fondness of Achilles for Briseïs is the occasion of the "Wrath" that forms the subject of the Iliad; and the wifely affection of Adromache for Hector inspires one of its most beautiful passages. The longing for home and spouse urges Odysseus onward through all his wanderings; while the infatuation of Circe and Calypso detains him for eight years. In the lyric poets there is a luxuriant growth of personal passion, and every variety of self-analysis and portraiture of joy and torment. The guilty passion of Phædra for Hippolytus, of Clytæmnestra for Ægisthus, the pure love of Hæmon for Antigone, are

forces working irresistibly in the masterpieces of the three great tragedians.

A still wider range was attributed to this passion by the Alexandrian poets. A learned and artificial age, which was ever seeking some new and unexhausted theme upon which it might bestow its boasted art, found here an opportunity which it did not fail to improve. In relating the love of Medea and Jason, Appollonius Rhodius rises far above his usual level, and may well be called romantic. Callimachus, his master, rival, and enemy, was the author of a poem which in conception and execution was a precursor of the prose romance. The poem has perished, but we know the story.¹ The youth Acontius, who has fallen desperately in love with the maiden Cydippe, and who is unable to reach her in any other manner, carves upon an apple the words "By Artemis, I will marry Acontius," and rolls it from a distance before her feet. The nurse who attends her picks it up, and, unable herself to read, asks Cydippe the meaning of the characters. When the maiden has pronounced the words, the vow which she has innocently uttered is heard by the goddess who thrice strikes her down with sickness on the eve of her wedding with another man. At last Cydippe's father learns from the oracle of Phæbus the reason of this divine visitation; the proposed marriage is broken off and the vow fulfilled by the happy union of Acontius and Cydippe. Hovering on the borderline between poetry and romance, the story seems almost ready to throw off the shackles of verse, and declare itself a new creation. But men were slow in rising to the thought that the things of daily life were as well worth telling as the trite legends of gods and heroes.

For love was a real force in the daily life of the Greeks. Low as was their conception of the sphere and capacity of women, free and inconstant as were their moral sentiments,

¹ The subject has been investigated with masterly thoroughness and penetration by Dilthey, *De Callimachi Cydippa*, Leipzig, 1863. An epistle of Aristænetus (I. 10) and two of Ovid (20, 21) furnish a sketch of the story, and Dilthey has identified and arranged seventeen very brief fragments.

they recognized the power of love, and in their higher flights of thought perceived its divine origin and its possibilities for good as well as for evil. Philosophers discoursed upon its nature with but small results, yet with a perfection of art and an elevation of thought not unworthy of the subject. Plato's grandeur and charm are at their height in the "Symposium" and "Phædrus." Plutarch has spoken a wise word for conjugal affection, which, he says, must be based upon mutual devotion and respect. In the later ages we have those pleasing bits of sophistical composition, the amatory epistles of Alciphron, Aristænetus, and others, ascribed to real or imaginary lovers—little fictions that were intended to deceive nobody. Philostratus, especially, has in this way expressed many pretty and graceful sentiments. Aristænetus, on the other hand, in the guise of letters, gives us in reality many short but complete love tales, which were probably borrowed from the Alexandrian elegy.

Thus both elements of romance existed separately among the Greeks, without uniting, till long after the classical period, to form the new and distinct species of literature. We can discern several influences which tended to retard the union. In Greece, more largely than in the modern world, poetry was connected with the worship of the gods. The drama particularly was throughout dedicated to the honor of Dionysus. The Greek religion, which permeated the national life, and was so fully in harmony with its æsthetic and intellectual tendencies, supplied the writers of the greatest period with an almost inexhaustible store of beautiful, symbolic legend, which could be combined in ever-varying forms, to gratify at once the desire of entertainment and the devotional instinct. Other religions, Christianity included, have often seemed, under the interpretation of their disciples, to aim at the grotesque and unattractive for its own sake, until the sensitive soul has been compelled to take refuge in paralyzing doubt, or else to sacrifice to its faith its dearest desires and aspirations. To the Greek religion, at least in the classical time, such an

opposition was not possible. That religion alone was a worship of the beautiful; and its traditions could furnish ample inspiration for the noblest poets of the ancient world.

Furthermore, we may wonder that romantic love was conceivable at all to a race which kept its women as ignorant, as jealously guarded, as little esteemed as the empty-minded beauties of a Turkish harem. For the purposes of the stage and of poetry there was, fortunately, a tradition of the freedom of Homeric times; but in reality the Athenian women bore no resemblance to the heroines of the drama. The Greeks had like passions with us, stronger ones perhaps. Passion inspired their erotic poetry; but passion did not lead them, either in fiction or in real life, to that pure, unselfish, idealizing devotion which, since the days of chivalry, we have called love. Now such a devotion as this, first conceived amidst the decadence of the Grecian world and under the growing influence of Christianity, lies at the basis of the romances, which thus again could not have come into existence in an earlier and more classical period.

A glance at the New Comedy will suggest another reason why romance did not appear earlier. In the classical period literature was conceived upon a *heroic*, or at least a *universal* scale. Portraiture of individual manners and character in common life was little aimed at. Perhaps a public and somewhat communistic life gave less occasion for such character-drawing. At all events, we do not find it, even in the Comedy, where we might expect it; only when Greek freedom is extinguished, interest in political affairs suppressed, and grandeur declining into feebleness and dotage, do we find the comedy of civil life and manners in Menander, Philemon, and Diphilus, whose works time has not thought it while to preserve for us, except in the Latin adaptations of Plautus and Terence; and here the characters are types rather than individuals. No wonder, then, that the romance, which is occupied with the individual and withdraws from public life, had not yet come into existence; here, as elsewhere, poetry opened the way, and the poetry of common life was later than any other.

When at last the romance did appear, the union of its two elements was due to a force that inevitably cast the blight of weakness, artificiality, and lifelessness upon all its creations. This force was the sophistic art, which flourished with new life between the second and sixth centuries after Christ. The first appearance of the Sophists in Greece was a sign of intellectual and moral decadence, though we must admit their services in education and in the development of a prose literature. When the participation in free government, for which Protagoras and Gorgias professed to prepare the young, had been suppressed by the conquests of Macedon and Rome, and when all originality and force had been crushed out of the Greeks, sophisticism flourished like a rank weed, answering as best it could the continuing demand for instruction and artistic gratification. The New Sophisticism which flourished under the Roman Empire became even more popular and powerful than that of the earlier day—and there was no Socrates or Plato to resist its progress. It was admired by the people, applauded and rewarded by the Emperors. Chairs for sophistic teachers were founded in Athens, Smyrna and many other cities; their highly paid teaching brought them wealth, their public exhibitions covered them with glory and renown. At the same time the line which distinguished them from the rest of the world was as sharply drawn as it is in modern Germany about the professions which are open only to university men; no one could invade their exclusive order or claim their rewards without a long and laborious preparation. The Sophists raised the standard of "art for art's sake." Skill in debate, the ability to argue either side of any case, and to decorate old mythological subjects or fantastic extravagances with new beauties of style, were their objects. Their faults resulted from their principles and aims, fridity, insincerity, Asiatic tinsel, subordination of sense to sound, empty jingle and flat commonplace.

It is no wonder, then, that the sophistic art should furnish the element of untruth which by its union with the erotic

motive, produced, under such favoring care, the prose romance. Amatory themes had been often chosen by the Sophists for the most consummate adornment of language that they could give; and the invented fable offered them more opportunities for display than the well-worn mythological tradition.

It is the merit of Rohde to have brought out clearly the full importance of this later sophistic art in the development of the romance, though he does not claim credit for the discovery. The relation certainly was not perceived until recent times; Chassang, whose work is widely learned rather than critical, has no inkling of it. Nicolai's sketchy but readable essay, in which, among other omissions, all reference to the less moral parts of the individual romances is scrupulously avoided, gives a brief but good discussion on this point. The learned Bishop Huet, the pioneer in this department of criticism, sought to derive the origin of Greek romance from the East. In all study of the subject, we may add, Rohde is the one indispensable and sufficient guide. He is master of all materials which can throw any light upon the history of romance; he has devoted considerably more than half his volume to a study of its origin and "precursors;" and his pages are enlivened by acute and brilliant thought and a style by no means destitute of wit.

The union of the love-motive with sophistic fiction was at last accomplished by Antonius Diogenes, who wrote, perhaps in the first century after Christ, a series of adventures in twenty-four books, entitled "The Incredible Things beyond Thule." This has perished, but we have a summary of the story in Photius, who calls Diogenes "the father of such inventions." In his romance the erotic element played a small part, marvels abounded, and the two were as yet only awkwardly combined. Psychologic art and literary style were probably lacking; but, like his successors, Antonius Diogenes brought his book to a happy ending, where vice was punished, and virtue rewarded.

Let us now turn to the writers of the fully-developed ro-

mance whose works still remain to us, or of whom we have some definite knowledge.¹ The first of these is Iamblichus. Born and educated a Syrian, he was afterwards instructed in the "language, manners, and tales" of the Babylonians by a learned captive taken in the expedition of Trajan. Later still he learned Greek, and became, as he does not hesitate to say among the autobiographical details which he has given of himself, a proficient "rhetor," that is, a master both of language and of sophistic thought. He tells us that he had learned the art of magic, or divination, and that he had prophesied with accuracy the result of the Parthian War before its termination. His romance, entitled "Babyloniaca," was composed under the reigns of Lucius Verus and Marcus Aurelius, between 165 and 180 A. D. Professedly it was one of the tales that formed a part of his Babylonian education, but this pretension was probably only the customary hiding of modest fiction behind the mask of truth. Traces of tradition may perhaps be found, but the story is, in its conception and development, Iamblichus' own. It received, however, the local color of scenes which were doubtless familiar to the romancer from his own observation.

The romance itself has perished, although it was much read and transcribed, was well known to Suidas in the tenth century, and is vaguely supposed to have existed in manuscript until the burning of the Escorial library in 1671, or even later. Our knowledge of it is derived from a summary by Photius, patriarch of Constantinople (857-879),

¹The Greeks themselves, even after real romance writing existed, had no special name for this class of literature. A frequent method of inscription was that used by Achilles Tatius: *Τὰ κατὰ Λευκίππην καὶ Κλειτοφῶντα*. Charito calls his work a *πάθος ἐρωτικόν*. Those of Iamblichus and Eustathius were called "dramas." This last term Nicolai (p. 83) would derive from the tragic character of the story; Rohde (p. 351), from its resemblance to the New Comedy. Our word is of course due to the origin of modern fiction in the Romanic tongues.

contained in his "Bibliotheca," from which comes our chief knowledge of so many lost works. Photius gives an abstract of sixteen books, ending with the happy union or rather reunion, of hero and heroine. We learn from Suidas that the entire work contained thirty-nine (according to another reading thirty-five) books, and we are left to puzzle our heads in vain as to what could have occurred after the felicitous *dénouement* at which the summarizer leaves us. The story related the adventures of Sinonis and Rhodanes, two recently married lovers, who are persecuted by the addresses of the enamoured Garmus, King of Babylon. Sinonis refuses his suit, and together the lovers flee his wrath. The tale is one of wandering, hardship, separation, of robbery, of captivity, of murders real and supposed, of jealousy—all crowding fast one upon another until at last the happy consummation is reached; Rhodanes is established in Babylon upon the throne of his persecutor, with Sinonis by his side, just as birds of omen had foretold.

The "Babyloniaca" had exactly the faults which we might expect to find in this early attempt at a new species of creative literature. There is no lack of thrilling events; they follow one another so closely that the possibilities of each cannot have been half exhausted; but, after all, the author's invention was limited, for we find him using the same motive over and over again. Both in the overcrowding of adventures, and in the failure (so far as we can judge) to develop any of them fully, Iamblichus, like many another of the later writers, was wanting in the characteristic Greek *μετρίότης*—the acute perception of the fitting mean between deficiency and excess. If the meagre summary we possess does not mislead us, Iamblichus found it easier to hasten from one event to another than to linger upon the analysis of emotions or the portraiture of passion. The personages, soulless and characterless in their development, are driven through a course of trials and adventures which seem to have no necessary connection either with the actors or with one another. These are sketched briefly and hastily, and

the immense bulk of the book was made out by learned digressions, wherein the author could put aside his cold characters to display his equally cold sophistic art. Here is the romance in its beginnings: love is its theme—love tried in a fiery furnace, but true throughout, and triumphant at the end; its treatment is artificial, sophistical, fictitious. Our two elements are for the first time combined in prose.

CHARLES J. GOODWIN.

NOTE.—The second part of this article will appear in the next number (October).—EDITOR.

A PLEA FOR SANITY IN ART CRITICISM.

The following conversation is said to have taken place recently :

A. "Why, I see that you are the art critic for the *Times*. I did not know that you knew anything about art."

B. "Hush! I don't. But I attended all the exhibitions and went into ecstasies over every monstrosity to be seen there, till I acquired the reputation of a profound art critic."

And there is a good deal of truth in this. A man cannot attract notice by admiring the sublimity of Michelangelo, the purity of Raphael, the glorious pagan beauty of Titian, or the splendid animal vitality of Rubens. Everybody does that. But if he speaks with patronizing condescension of the Moses and the David, of the Sistine Madonna and of the Transfiguration, of the Assumption of the Virgin and the Venus of the Borghese gallery, of the Descent from the Cross and the Peace and War; if he roundly abuses the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Royal Academy, and every other place where art is systematically taught, particularly if he treats with measureless scorn the acknowledged masters of contemporary painting, and goes into ecstasies over the work of some third rate impressionist or *pointilliste*, his reputation is made and his position as an art critic of unusual penetration is established.

The function of criticism is to guide public taste, to separate the good from the bad, and to point out the things that should be admired. But the trouble about this new criticism is that it demands that we shall admire things that we cannot admire. It is as if one should insist upon our doting on caviar, when all our nature craves roast beef and pound cake. Our stomach revolts against such food, and it is useless to try to accustom ourselves to it.

Such critics have a great contempt for popular judgment, and consider art the peculiar province of the manda-

rins. It is true that only long training and extended cultivation can make one a competent judge of art; but we can also feel assured that when an artist gets too far from that broad humanity which is comprehensible alike to prince and peasant, when he loses that touch of nature which makes all men kin, he is on a false track. The works which have endured the ordeal of the ages are not caviar to the general. It needs no special training to be thrilled by the great eyes of the Sistine Madonna and her Son, so full of divine inspiration; to be awed by the Tombs of the Medici or the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; to be fascinated by the unutterable sadness of the *Melancholia* of Albrecht Dürer; to admire Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne, or Botticelli's Spring; to worship the godlike beauty of the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus of Melos. The expert may understand them better, but the humblest may feel their power. The experience of the past justifies us in doubting whether art which exists for the mandarins alone, and which strikes no responsive chord in the universal human heart, is calculated to endure.

These self-constituted mandarins cannot lead the general public into their strange ways and, to tell the truth, they do not seem to desire it. The mere fact that a picture meets with the admiration of the populace seals its condemnation. They do not venture openly to attack the old masters upon their thrones, but they damn them with faint praise accompanied with numberless reservations, while if any new movement finally obtains public recognition it loses interest at once. Thus, as long as impressionism was a universal laughing stock, they championed its cause with violence; but now that they have forced it upon a reluctant world, and the French government has ordered the building of a new wing to the Luxembourg, to accommodate a large bequest of impressionist pictures, they shake their heads, and say that whatever the art of the future may be, it will not be impressionism, to which a grateful public responds "amen," and goes on admiring the works of Sir Frederick Leighton, Poynter, Watts, Gérôme, Cabanel and Bouguereau, whom

the critics are loading with their contempt, while they are seeking among the obscure movements now germinating in the Parisian ateliers for some new fetish.

How far this new criticism has drifted from the public taste was well illustrated at the Venetian International Art Exhibition of 1895. Among the pictures exhibited was one of enormous size by Michetti, representing a barren brown upland moor where a lot of peasants of the Abruzzi hardly removed from brutes were jeering at a woman, as ugly and brutal as themselves, who was passing by. The execution was the coarsest ever seen. Not being able to make it rough enough with paint, the artist had daubed chunks of plaster of Paris as big as one's fist upon the canvas and had painted over them. The principal figure was a man standing, and to show the artist's contempt for all rules of composition his head would have projected beyond the canvas, and he stood there headless. It was the most repulsive picture ever painted, coarse in subject, brutal in treatment, absolutely without composition. One looked at it in amazement that the authorities should have allowed it to be hung, and the general public evidently agreed upon its merits, for there was a prize to be awarded to the picture receiving the largest popular vote, and only sixty-three, not more than the number of lunatics admitted, voted for this abomination. Yet it was awarded the high prize by the committee.

I do not mean that art should be judged by the people at large. Only a small and cultivated few are really competent judges. If you left it to the general public, pictures of dogs and cats and babies and young lovers would be esteemed the highest type. There is no populace that is a true critic of such matters. If you cite the Athenians as an exception, in the first place they were really an aristocracy, whose slaves represented the common people of our day, and in the second they were no doubt swayed in their opinions by such men as Pericles. But at the same time an art which has strayed so far from human sympathies that it can no longer appeal to the mass of mankind is in dan-

ger of an unlamented death. The greatest of poets is Shakspeare, and he appeals equally to the scholar and to the ignorant, so that the boy in the "peanut gallery" rarely fails to applaud at the proper moment; and while, based upon this broad humanity, his fame has extended from year to year until it has encircled the globe with an imperishable glory, his contemporaries who invented the Euphuistic dialect that was to distinguish the mandarins of taste from the vulgar herd have sunk into unwept oblivion.

The great cry of the artists and critics of our day is "Art for art's sake," a phrase which seems to mean two things: first, that art has nothing to do with morality or religion, and secondly, that it matters not what you paint, so that you paint it well.

With the first of these propositions it is difficult to take issue. In point of Art Titian's Nudities are as good as Raphael's Madonnas, Botticelli's Birth of Venus as meritorious as his Madonna Incoronata, and no doubt Michelangelo's amazingly indecent Leda was equal to his Holy Family of the Tribune. Still, even in that respect there is some justice in the position taken by the Calvinistic theological student, who, when asked what was the doctrine of the church in respect to good works, replied: "Well, a few of them will do no harm."

As to the other proposition, that it matters not what you paint, so that you paint it well, it is the abdication of the human intellect before mere manual dexterity. Two things must be combined to form that rare being, the great artist—the skilled hand and the creative mind. Dexterous fingers are not wanting—in art centres we find great numbers of them engaged in the drudgery of copying. Neither are intelligences that are endowed with imagination and capable of the creative impulse excessively rare; but unhappily it is only at great intervals that Nature combines the two and gives us her brightest flower, the true artist who in the rapture of creation comes nearest to the gods. Meanwhile, if the doctrine of art for art's sake, that it matters not what

we paint if we paint it well, can get itself established, then any idiot who is sufficiently dexterous with the brush can claim to rank with Apelles and Leonardo. That a doctrine which is so flattering to vulgar mediocrity should have many and enthusiastic advocates is not surprising. None the less it is the negation of the higher part of man, the assertion that Zola's *L'Assommoir* is to be placed on a level with Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

As all men are born followers either of Aristotle or of Plato, so the efforts of artists will always be directed toward either the real or the ideal. Both are legitimate and the real should be first pursued, for until we have placed our ladder firmly upon the solid earth we cannot safely climb.

One of the most highly gifted of artistic races, the Dutch, advanced no further. When they had learned how to produce the real they became enamoured of it, and instead of seeking something higher and more beautiful, they strove only to represent the reality of things about them with microscopic detail and to show how they appeared in different atmospheres and in varying lights. Their art culminated in Rembrandt, whose wonderful technical skill, whose incomparable mastery over the problems of light and shade, give to the most commonplace objects an intense interest and a kind of beauty. We may regret that his transfiguring light was not thrown upon the face of some divine Madonna, upon some lovely goddess, fresh from the rosy summit of sun-kissed Olympus. But it was not. It fell upon the faces of stolid, care-worn men, of wrinkled old crones, of fat and stupid women, wrapping their unattractive forms in a halo of imperishable glory.

And in our own day we have seen another genius scarcely inferior to Rembrandt, the Frenchman Millet, devoting his wonderful talent to depicting the saddest realism of peasant life, selecting by preference types that are scarcely superior to the beasts with which they herd. Many rejoice that he should have used his skill in such a way, but to us it seems that with such powers he should have soared to the

highest regions of the ideal, and that beneath his magic brush the loveliest types should have palpitated with the richest life amid scenes of heavenly beauty. It is as if the divine genius who alone was capable of drawing the characters of Hamlet and Ophelia had contented himself with depicting Touchstone and Audrey in the saddest moments of their mere animal existence.

Very different were the Greeks and the Italians of the Renaissance. When they had fairly mastered the real, they paused not a moment, but launched forth into the bright realm of the ideal.

And it must not be supposed that there is any conflict between the two. For the ideal to be of any value it must be based firmly upon the real. If not, we have an art like that of Gustave Doré, sinking on one side into the grotesque, fading away on the other into the inane and unsubstantial. The true creations of the ideal must seem as real as the ugly Dutch pictures of Teniers or Hals, as real as Paul Potter's bull. They should be more beautiful than Nature actually creates, but they must be such as Nature might have created had she been in a happier mood.

Let us take an illustration from the greatest of landscape painters, Claude Lorraine. No one ever studied Nature more diligently than he. The innumerable sketches that he has left us show that he studied her in every aspect in which she showed herself in his fair Italian home; that he watched her every manifestation, trying to wrest from her the secret of her beauty and her charm. But when he started to paint a picture, he did not, like some Dutch master, sit down before a landscape and reproduce it exactly as it was in all its details, however offensive some of them might be. From his perfect knowledge of Nature he created a scene of ideal beauty, every detail of which is as true as the Dutchman's literal reproduction, yet combined into a whole more beautiful than Nature ever made, bathed in a soft radiance such as shone in Eden when Eve first opened her wondering eyes, filled with a sense of rest and peace unknown to

this troubled world. It is a scene the like of which you will seek in vain, but it is perfectly true to nature, no hazy and unrealized vision.

And here let us say a word in defense of Claude. Every one has read some of Ruskin's books, and it is difficult to read any of them without finding a fling at the prince of landscape painters. Ruskin was absorbed by a blind admiration of Turner, and was determined that Turner should be acknowledged as the greatest master of landscape that ever lived. To raise him to that eminence it was necessary to drag Claude down from the pedestal where he had stood unchallenged for so many generations, and for every lift that Ruskin gives to Turner he throws a stone at Claude. He even led Turner himself and the English public to think that he was right, and two of Turner's best pictures were hung beside Claude's two masterpieces in the National Gallery at London. How they stood the comparison then we know not; but in a few short years they have faded away until they are mere masses of ugly browns and dirty yellows, while the Claudes still smile upon us in the undiminished lustre of their perfect beauty.

Ruskin has done much for the cause of art. Few persons amongst English speaking races cared anything about it when he roused them with the trumpet peal of his marvelous eloquence, and the impulse that he gave has grown and grown until every magazine is constrained, in order to satisfy the public demand, to have an article upon art in every issue. But his judgments were strangely faulty. In his eyes Botticelli with his quaint graces was superior to the divine Raphael, the impetuous and ungoverned Tintoretto was ranked above the sublime Michelangelo. To him the splendid pagan beauty of the great Titian and the exuberant vitality of the mighty Rubens were hateful abominations. We must ever be grateful to him for awakening our interest; but now that we are aroused we must look with our own eyes, and often we shall see things in a manner very different from that of the brilliant genius whose faculties at length merged into madness.

His constant cry is that we should go to Nature, that we should reproduce her as she is, that we should imitate her works. That is true, but only half the truth, The mission of art is to perfect Nature, to supply her deficiencies, to lop off her redundances. Never does she produce anything so perfect that it is fit exactly as it stands for artistic treatment. There is no landscape so fair but that it would be improved by leaving out some object that interferes with the unity of the scene, to which some feature cannot be added with advantage to make it more complete. There is no form so perfect that it would not be more lovely were a little flesh added here, a little subtracted there.

Of all the women of historic Greece, Phryne was the most beautiful, so beautiful that by a solemn decree of the Athenian people she was required once a year to arise from the sea as Venus, that the assembled multitude might look upon the supreme vision of earthly loveliness. It was she that Praxiteles, the greatest sculptor that ever devoted himself to the beauty of the female form, selected as the model of that Venus of Cnidus, which was esteemed one of the world's wonders, and to behold which men journeyed from the farthest limits of the earth, and knelt entranced in adoration of its charms. And so beloved was it by the people of Cnidus that when their island was overwhelmed with debt and a King offered to pay all they owed if they would but give him up their statue, they refused, preferring chains and bondage and the bloody scourge, which were then the debtor's lot, to the loss of their beloved image.

Yet even with such a model, Praxiteles must have looked beyond to the ideal of perfect beauty, for we know that he made two portrait statues of Phryne just as she was in her naked loveliness, one for the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the other for her native city of Thespiae, and that neither of these excited the admiration that was awakened by the Venus.

If you believe that it is not necessary to improve upon Nature, go to the Salon in these days of rampant realism.

Look at the landscapes where some unimaginative realist depicts the scene before him exactly as it is, making the wart upon Nature's face as conspicuous as the smile, and compare it with Claude's divine creations. Look at the studies of the nude where the first model picked up in the streets is reproduced in all her naked imperfections, and you will turn away with a sense of disgust to the sublime beauty of the Venus of Melos, or even to the dainty nudities of Boucher. Or better still, look at the photographs, now so common, of living pictures. Did you ever see one that you would for a moment mistake for a work of art?

In the art of combining the true with the beautiful, of making ideal figures that seem as real as the laborers upon the streets, no one has ever approached the Greeks. The most glorious ideal types that we have are the Venus of Melos and the Apollo Belvedere; yet the first is the work of an obscure and almost unknown sculptor whose name seems to have been Agesandros, and the second is a mere copy of a statue probably by some one equally obscure. What then must have been the Olympian Zeus and the Athene of Pheidias?

Just at present art seems to be simply drifting. Impressionism appears to be still having a considerable vogue, particularly in America, which always imitates Parisian fads. If you go to the Salon you will see a great deal of realism, some of it dull and commonplace, some of it brutal, some of it charming. You will see also a good deal of washed-out, shadowy idealism that is little better than dreams of pictures. You will find few pictures in which the ideal is realized and made tangible as in the productions of the greatest masters.

Yet each year many noble works are exhibited, and the divine fire is still burning brightly. Artists generally are manifesting a disposition to forsake the old ways and seek for new pastures; but it cannot be said that any of their late departures have been crowned with complete success. Perhaps, if, like the early masters, they would be less self-

conscious, trying merely to do good work without attempting to dazzle or astonish, they would succeed better. Art follows literature, for it is easier to express new ideas in words than to embody them in living forms; and as literature is now beating about in an aimless manner, vainly seeking the true path that will lead to a higher development, art is doing the same. Let us hope that it will find it, and that in the future, as in the great ages of the past, the Real and the Ideal may move forward in harmonious brotherhood to ever nobler achievements. Their strength is in their union, and they must struggle upward hand in hand if art is once again to reach those supreme heights, bathed in the radiance of eternal glory, where Pheidias and Apelles, Raphael and Michelangelo, have inscribed their names.

Unhappily, much of that criticism which should assist it upon its upward way merely drags it down into the mire, or leads it astray into paths that will end in hopeless sterility.

It is unfortunate that a reputation for originality cannot be acquired by calling attention to the beauties of works which reveal a loving study of the great masters of the past or manifest the disciplined training received in the Ecole des Beaux Arts or the Royal Academy; and that such a reputation can be achieved by treating such productions with unlimited scorn and heaping upon them the epithet *academic*, and by raving at the same time over something in which the vast majority of cultivated people can see only an exhibition of undisciplined perversity, particularly by holding up to admiration some of the numerous landscapes that are shown every year where the painter is so enamoured of atmosphere that he forgets all else and makes no effort to depict the field or forest, hill or dale, that lies behind his misty medium.

What we need in art is a critic such as French literature possesses in M. F. Brunetière, inexorably demanding earnest and serious work, and treating undisciplined perversity as it deserves. Such we have, but they have not acquired the authority that has been accorded to the distinguished

Frenchman, and in the meantime an untrained public is likely to hail as a marvel of penetration any one who can detect greatness in works which are unintelligible to it and which too often are mere displays of capricious manual dexterity.

G. B. ROSE.

PETRARCH'S LETTERS TO CICERO.

Georg Voigt in his *Wiederbelebung des klassischen Alterthums* speaks of Petrarch as *der Entdecker der neuen Welt des Humanismus*, and, in view of the part which Petrarch played in the Revival of Learning, these words of praise are not extravagant. In the catalogues which have come down to us from the Middle Ages one finds now and then the title of a Greek or Latin classic, and a few men of learning would seem to have taken some interest in reading these books; but long before Petrarch's day real knowledge of the works of antiquity was dead. Even Dante came but little under the influence of the new learning.

With Petrarch the new era begins. His energy and care in collecting and preserving those works of the past which were already known, his enthusiasm in bringing to light books which had fallen into oblivion, his sympathy with the classical spirit, and his power to inspire others gave the first impulse to the new movement and were potent factors in advancing it.

His interest in Latin literature dated back to his boyhood days, and is well illustrated by a story of his early life.

Petrarch's father, who was an advocate, intended to have his son take up the profession of law and with this object in view sent him to Bologna, but after a time, feeling that the young man was not advancing as rapidly as he expected, the father sought for the reason of his son's slow progress and found it in the shape of a large collection of the Latin classics concealed under Petrarch's bed. These were thrown unceremoniously into the fire, but the grief and anger which Petrarch showed, induced his father to save a Cicero and a Virgil from the flames, and revealed the depth of the young man's passion for Latin literature. This passion animated him through life, for in later years, he tells us in one of his letters, whenever on making a journey

he noticed a monastery near the road he invariably turned aside to see if he could discover a book not in his own collection. Not content with his own investigations he sent requests and urgent entreaties to friends and acquaintances in Italy, France, Germany and England for any books which could be found in the neighborhood of his correspondents. The works of Cicero were the special objects of his search, and by his indefatigable efforts he brought to light, among other things the Philippics of that author, some of his philosophical works, and the orations for Archias and for Milo.

The crowning event of Petrarch's life, however, lay in the discovery of a collection of Cicero's *Letters* in the cathedral library at Verona in 1345 A.D., and, although he was weary and ill at the time, he would not entrust the manuscript to other hands, but himself made a copy of it. He regarded the book as his most precious possession and so highly did he prize it that he never allowed a copy to be made of it, but he published the knowledge of his discovery to the world in a letter addressed to Cicero himself.

This letter possesses a double interest for us. It was written when Petrarch was full of the first joy of his discovery, and therefore fixes the date and the place at which Cicero's *Letters* were made known to the world again. It records also the first impressions which Petrarch received from reading the familiar letters which Cicero wrote to his intimate friends. He had read some of the orations and some of the philosophical works of Cicero. Now he took up the letters for the first time, and it is interesting to compare Petrarch's impressions with those which we form to-day, for we also usually read the writings of Cicero in the same order. His letter runs as follows :

FRANCIS PETRARCH SENDS GREETINGS TO M. TULLIUS
CICERO.

Thy letters sought long and earnestly, and found where I least thought to find them, I have read with the greatest eagerness. I have listened to thee, Marcus Tullius, as thou

didst talk of many matters, as thou didst lament many ills, as thou didst throw upon many subjects the transforming light of thine intelligence, and I, who had long known what sort of a guide thou hadst been to others, have at last understood what kind of a man thou wert to thyself. Do thou in turn, wherever thou art, listen to this one word, which is inspired by true love for thee, a word not now of advice but of regret, which one of the after world who is most devoted to thy memory has given utterance to not without tears. Thou who wert ever restless and full of anxiety, or that thou mayest hear again thine own words, O headstrong and unfortunate old man, why hast thou plunged into so many struggles and quarrels which would profit thee in no wise whatsoever? Where hast thou left the peace of mind which befitted both thine age and thy profession and thy fortune? What counterfeit glitter of fame has involved thee as an old man in wars where young men fought, and hurried thee, the sport of every blast of fortune, to a death unworthy of a philosopher? Alas! unmindful both of a brother's advice and of thine own wholesome precepts—many as they are—like a traveller by night waving a torch in the darkness, thou hast shown to those who should follow, the path upon which thou thyself hast so sadly slipped. I say nothing of Dionysius, I say nothing of thy brother and nephew, I say nothing, if thou dost not wish it, even of Dotalabella himself, all of whom thou art now exalting to heaven with words of praise, and now abusing with unexpected maledictions. Perchance these acts of thine could be overlooked. I pass over Julius Cæsar also, whose well-tried clemency became a haven of refuge for those who attacked him. Furthermore I say nothing of Pompeius Magnus, with whom, through a certain tie of intimacy, thou didst seem to have power without limit. But what madness incited thee against Antony? It was love of the Republic, I suppose, the Republic which thou didst confess was already utterly ruined. But if it was true loyalty, if it was love of liberty which led thee on, a view which one may hold in the

case of so great a man, why so close an intimacy with Augustus? What reply wilt thou make, pray, to thy friend, Brutus? If it be true, he says,¹ that Octavius pleases thee, thou wilt not seem to have avoided a master, but to have sought a more friendly master. This unhappy event was reserved for thee, and this was the crowning misfortune in thy career, Cicero, that of this very man whom thou hadst praised so highly thou shouldst speak bitterly, I will not say because he did thee harm, but because he did not withstand those who were doing thee harm. I grieve at thy lot, my friend, I feel shame and pity at the thought of thy great mistakes; and now like this very Brutus I give no credit to those precepts, in which I know thou wert thoroughly versed. What profits it forsooth to teach others; what boots it to speak always of the virtues in the most fitting language, if meanwhile thou dost not listen to thyself? Ah! how much better it would have been for a philosopher, of all men, to have grown old in the country far from strife, while thinking as thou dost thyself say in one place, of the life everlasting, and not of this present brief existence; how much better not to have had the *fascies*, not to have eagerly craved a triumph, how much better had a Catiline never excited thine anger. But of this we talk in vain. Farewell, forever, my Cicero. In the world above, on the right bank of the Athesis, in the city of Verona in Transpadane Italy, on the sixteenth day before the Kalends of the fifth month, in the year from the birth of that Christ whom thou didst not know, thirteen hundred and forty-five.

The first perusal of Cicero's *Letters* proved a shock to Petrarch. Could this vain and vacillating mortal, who taught men to be strong and temperate, while he himself was weak and passionate, be the Cicero who had thundered against a Catiline and an Antony, whose praise of philosophy had charmed even St. Augustine? But as Petrarch read the letters again a new light broke upon him. The

¹ In an extant letter to Cicero (*ad Brut.* I. 16, 1) which is probably spurious, however.

words of confidence which one pours into the ear of his "other self" should not condemn a man any more than the questionings of one's own heart. If Cicero's broad view of the future made him hesitate when a narrow-minded man saw only the straight path of duty before him, yet in the end Cicero followed duty, and at least his genius was still a source of inspiration and life, and the recognition of this last fact inspired Petrarch to the composition of another letter to Cicero six months after the one already given.

FRANCIS PETRARCH SENDS GREETING TO M. TULLIUS
CICERO.¹

If my former letter offended thee, for what thy friend in the *Andria* says, as thou thyself art wont to remark, is true, that "complaisance maketh friends, truth begetteth hatred," listen to that which may in part appease the anger of thy soul, and let not truth always be hateful in thine eyes, for we are angry at true words of blame, we are pleased by true words of praise. It is true, Cicero, and let me say it with thy consent, that thou didst live as a man, thou didst speak as an orator, thou didst write as a philosopher. It was thy life with which I found fault, not thy talent nor thine eloquence; in fact I wonder at the one, I am lost in admiration of the other. And yet in thy life I find nothing lacking save steadfastness and the love of repose, which belongs of right to a philosopher's life, and avoidance of civil wars — since freedom was dead and the Republic already buried amid the sorrows of its adherents.

See in what a different way I treat thee from the way in which thou didst treat Epicurus in many places, but in particular in the work, *De Finibus*.² For thou dost everywhere approve of his life, while thou dost ridicule his claims to talent. I ridicule thee in no wise, still, as I have said, I feel a compassion for thee in view of thy life, I congratulate thee upon thy genius and thine eloquence. O most exalted

¹ *De rebus familiaribus* XXIV., 4.

² For instance, *De Fin.* II., 80.

father of Roman eloquence, not I alone, but all of us who are adorned with the beauties of the Latin tongue, render thee our thanks; for we refresh our fields from thy streams, we frankly confess that we have been directed by thy guidance, aided by thine opinions, and illumined by thy light; that finally under thine auspices, so to say, we have gained this power and inspiration to write, however small it may be. Another has come into our lives also, as a guide upon the path of poetry; since necessity called for one whom we might follow as he advanced with the free step of the poet, a leader too (in prose) of measured tread she sought, one whose speech, one whose songs, we might admire, since if both of you will pardon me, neither was a master in both prose and poetry. He is no match for thee in breadth of vision nor thou for him in the perception of subtleties. Perchance I am not the first to say this, however deeply I feel it; in fact one expressed this opinion before I did, or rather he said the sentiment had been expressed by others—a great man, too, Annæus Seneca,¹ of Cordova, from whom as this very man complains, not thine old age indeed, but the fury of the civil wars took thee. He *could* have seen thee, but he *did* not see thee; still he was an enthusiastic eulogist of thy works and of the works of the other writer referred to above. In his pages therefore each person circumscribed by his own limitations in the way of eloquence is bidden to yield to thee, his contemporary, and to take his place among the many. But I torment thee with curiosity; who, pray, is this leader thou dost ask? thou knowest the man, if only thou dost remember his name. It is Publius Virgilius Maro, a citizen of Mantua, of whom thou didst prophesy illustrious things. For when, as we read in the books, after admiring a certain juvenile little work of his, thou hadst inquired who the author was, and hadst thyself, already an old man, seen him, who was a

¹ Seneca, the rhetorician, was born in 54 B. C., *i. e.*, eleven years before Cicero's death.

youth, thou wert delighted, and from the inexhaustible fountain of thine eloquence, thou didst render him a tribute, combined it is true with praise of thyself, yet well-founded and glorious and honorable. For thou didst say: "Rome's second great hope." And this saying heard from thy lips, pleased him in such a degree, and remained so firmly in his memory, that twenty years afterward, when thou hadst been long removed from the affairs of men, he placed it in his divine work in exactly the same words, and had it permitted thee to see this work, thou wouldst have rejoiced to think that from the first flower thou hadst foreseen so unerringly the fruit destined to come. Likewise thou wouldst have congratulated the Latin Muses because they had either left a doubtful victory to the haughty Greeks, or wrested a sure one from them; for each opinion has its sponsors. I doubt not that thou, if from thy books I have learned thy mind, which I seem to myself to know as if I had lived with thee, I doubt not that thou, I say, wilt be the champion of the latter view, and that as thou hast given to Latium the palm in oratory,¹ so thou wilt in poetry, and that thou wilt have already bidden the *Iliad* to yield to the *Æneid*, which concession from the very beginning of Virgil's work, Propertius, did not hesitate to demand. For when he contemplated the beginnings of the Pierian work, what he thought of them and what he hoped, he proclaimed openly in these verses:

"I cry you, yield ye Roman writers, yield ye Greeks;
An offspring greater than the *Iliad* is born?"²

So much for the second Latin leader in eloquence and the second hope of mighty Rome, now I return to thee. What I think of thy life, what of thy genius thou hast heard. Thou art waiting to hear of thy books, what fortune has befallen them, to what extent they are admired, whether it be by the common people or by the learned. There are extant then noble works of thine which we are

¹ *Tusc. Disp.* I., 3. ² *Prop.* III. 26, 65-6.

able, let me not say, to read through, nay not even to enumerate. The fame of thy deeds is widespread, and thy name is great and fills the ears of men; but the studious are very few in number, whether the cause lie in the sternness of the times or in the dullness and sluggishness of men's minds, or what I the rather think, in the greed for gain which drives the thoughts of men toward other ends. Therefore some of thy books, unless I am deceived, have without doubt been lost, perhaps hopelessly, to us who live to-day; to my great grief, to the great shame of our generation, to the great loss of posterity. For it has not seemed shameful enough to neglect the cultivation of our own talents, so that coming generations receive therefrom nothing of profit, but we must needs bring to nought the fruit of thy labor and of that of thy countrymen by a neglect utterly cruel and intolerable. For what I lament has happened in the case of thy books and in the case of many works of illustrious men. As my remarks just now were concerning thy books, these are the titles of those whose loss is the more noteworthy: the *De Re Publica*, the *De Re Familiari*, the *De Re Militari*, the *De Laude Philosophiae*, the *De Consolatione*, and the *De Gloria*, although with reference to this last work, there is rather an uncertain hope than a fixed despair.¹ Nay we have lost large parts even of thine extant works, so that, just as if they had been overwhelmed in a great struggle by oblivion and neglect, we must mourn for our leaders, not only dead but also mutilated or lost. For this state of things, which we suffer in the case of many other books, exists especially with reference to the *Academica* and the books upon the *Orator* and the *Laws*, which have survived in so mutilated and disfigured a condition, that it would really have been better for them had they perished.

Now thou dost wish to hear of the condition of the city

¹ A manuscript which he believed to be one of the *De Gloria* Petrarch had loaned to a friend. It was not returned, and no manuscript of the work has been found since that time.

of Rome and of the Roman State, to learn what the state of the fatherland is, to know in what degree the citizens are harmonious, to whom the control of affairs has fallen, by what hands the reins of government are held—whether wisely managed or not; whether the Danube and the Ganges, the Ebro and the Nile and the Don are our boundary lines; or has some leader risen “To limit our sway by the Ocean, our fame by the stars”¹ or “To extend our domain beyond the Garamantes and the Indians,”² as says that Mantuan friend of thine. I surmise that thou wilt hear most eagerly these things and things like them; for thy loyalty increases this natural eagerness and thy love for the fatherland, leading even to thy ruin, is known to every one. But it may be better to say nothing. For believe me, Cicero, if thou shalt have heard in what condition our affairs are, tears will fall from thine eyes in whatever portion of the world above or the world below thou dost chance to be. Farewell forever. In the world above, upon the left bank of the Rhone in Transalpine Gaul in the same year, on the 16th day before the Kalends of January.

FRANK ABBOTT.

¹ *Virg. Aen.* I., 287.

² *Virg. Aen.* VI., 794.

WILLIAM BLAKE—POET AND ARTIST.

To write popularly of a man who has remained obscure to the general reading public for three-score years and ten since his death, were not a mean achievement. By an instinct no host of critics with battle-axes of opprobrium can withstand, the public presses forward into its promised country. Some leader bids the sun stop in midheaven while the critics are being routed in fine style. What we want comes to us. We are drawn to what we want. We may not know what we want, it may not know we shall want it, but apparently there *is* that knows; the conjunction takes place. With due juxtaposition a sort of occult chemical process soon disposes of wanted and wanter, and you shall have, whether you will or no, a new compound. The public finds a Browning-poet, and the result is, a public that wants—say, a Meredith-novelist; or, put it *vice versa*. At all events, having found either of these men, with their wondrous work, the public will never be the same again. And as for the works of Browning and Meredith—to be found by the public, involves for them a change also, not exactly a beautiful “sea-change,” either! What is absorbed into the common consciousness becomes commonplace. Is there anything more repulsive than the truism uttered with oracular pomp, as though yet likely to shock us with novelty? Who knows how much of what we deem true gold in the ore of Browning and Meredith may not come to seem dross? It is the unassimilable that alone remains the same for all our gastric enterprise. And, so, perhaps, the didactic elements we now so eagerly absorb, will be pardonable only for the sake of what goes along with them, which will remain new to future generations, and which, teasing them out of thought, will yet have a flavor the palate has not been cloyed with; or, maybe, the message will be forgiven for the sake of the obtrusive style—the very thing we are all but unanimous in barely condoning.

Now if after a hundred years the public has not found a book, and copies have become precious to bibliophiles, who revel solely in books that must by no means be read in order to serve sublime ends, as a species of masculine bric-a-brac, if such has been the deplorable doom of a book, it were hardly of much use to attempt its popularization by writing popularly about it. You may get a hearing; it will not. Still there are now and then exceptions to every rule.

Blake's literary works were not published till four years ago.¹ Before then we had selections. Oh! the damnation of being known by tidbits! the double damnation of being known through "picturesque literature" of dilettante litterateurs! the treble damnation of being bruited abroad as a posthumous genius, half mad or wholly so, embalmed in anecdotes, spirited away by critics, praised as unintelligible, patronized, carefully doctored by editors, schooled in one's art, shown where one did decidedly amiss, where one might have done better perhaps, and what by all means to do in the future should one be courageous enough to try again, and all this when one has been dead from two-score to three-score years and ten. Poor Blake! Do not number me among thy stabbers righthanded or lefthanded. Call me a foolish lover who is not ashamed of his devotion and is quite ready to admit that the chief reason he loves you so much is that you have hitherto baffled him and promise to do so for quite a while to come. Who can love what he can account for, critically set apart, and then with prosaic glue of a guarded commendation knit tightly together again? You can treat your chairs and your tables so if your carpenter's cunning be sufficient; but your friends, your flaming leaders, your martyrs of the spirit, never! For them devout enthusiasm and worship. Nowise anything but what is right reverently agnostic! If you presume to expound, it must be with much the feeling of him who fought with beasts at Ephesus.

¹ Even then at the unpopular price, "net \$25.00!"

Some people admire the work of a fool,
 For it's sure to keep your judgment cool.
 It doesn't reproach you with want of wit;
 It is not like a lawyer serving a writ.

So much for those of you who don't care about the Blakes of this world! No doubt of course you keep "cool" what "judgment" you have, not to say just a wee bit icy; and as for your "want of wit" you shall be blissfully ignorant thereof till the crack of doom.

I know there are those who, of another class from the delectable persons addressed in Blake's doggerel epigram, in which gentle reader I have only included you for rhetorical effect—yes, there are those who pretend to understand the incomprehensible, who put on an owly stare of wonderment at our stupidity, and think they delude us into supposing the wise of all the ages have given them a knowing wink, as much as to say "You too are of us." But of such I will boldly affirm that they never impose on any but themselves—and their wives. Of these I honestly believe are few among Blake's admirers. Some, no doubt, but I repeat it, few. To understand the prophet Ezekiel may be to one's credit, and worth a little schooling in stage art, grimaces before a cracked looking-glass, and a year's bruises to attain the proper grace in falling. To understand Blake has not yet become a sign of intellectual superiority. Among his admirers and his expounders there are at all events no hypocrites, unless the gods, to ruin them, have verily made them mad.

One of the reasons so many have come to Blake from the four quarters of the earth and interpreted him so diversely is that if he put glass over darkness a man must behold his own face, do he what he please. Nor will he behold it darkly. But, forgetting straightway what manner of man he is, he will stoutly declare "It is Blake," when honestly he should have cried "It is I!"

Who has read Mr. Gilchrist's beautiful biography and not enjoyed it? To be sure Messrs. Ellis and Yeats have

demonstrated beyond a doubt that Blake, when he parted company with the Swedish sage and his first biographer was not so mad as the latter's great book would insinuate. We are never over just to heretics; and the newer our doctrine the fiercer the fury we visit on apostates. Even so mild, so sweet, so just a man as Mr. Alexander Gilchrist could create false impressions by skilful omissions of words necessary to the sense. Take for instance the case of Blake's being misquoted from Crabb Robinson's Diary saying that "Christ took much after his mother,"¹ when he actually said that He "took much after his mother, the Law," as his last editors have shown us.² This is one of many alterations by suppression. Yet there have been shown to be not a few alterations by substitution of words. Surely not a critical way of proceeding! It may be that Gilchrist saw no difference between the readings referred to above. Perhaps he thought that Christ's mother was so obviously not Mary, but the Law, that the latter words produced a tautological effect! What Blake actually said amounts to a statement that too much Judaism had survived in Christianity; that its Founder, as teacher, was toward the Mosaic doctrine, *his* was to fulfill and replace, and whose child it might in poetic language be very properly called, far too gentle, and conservatively tender. Quite another thing from suggesting that his maternal heredity was bad! Yet when you have read New Church Publications in which the God-man's double psychology is carefully accounted for by a double heritage, due to an anomalous conception, Mr. Gilchrist's reason as a new churchman for the omission, is clear. As for Frederick Tatham, the Irvingite Angel, his interpretations were drastic. What ages did not the pious man spend poking the heretical piles of Blakean manuscripts as

¹ Life of William Blake, "pictor ignotus" by Alexander Gilchrist, Vol. I., p. 354. (1863).

² The works of William Blake, edited by E. J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats, Vol. I., p. 148, Quaritch, London, 1893, (price, net \$25.00). The indispensable publication for any would-be student of Blake.

they curled, blackened, and burned in his inquisitorial grate. One thing is certain, we can never be sure he was wrong, or expose his uncritical misinterpretations, so thorough did he make his commentary, thanks to orthodox heat and the omnipresent egotistic oxygen.

Hardly less respectful or scholarly were the two brothers, of whom to speak otherwise than gratefully as students of Blake were ungenerous, yet whom it is not dishonest to censure as Blake's latest editors have done. Let us be honest first, and then generous. To take finished poems that seem obscure, and, by playing a patient chess-game with the stanzas, make poems that suit one's fancy better, being capable of a pretty interpretation quite modern and germane to one's peculiar thinking, is reprehensible enough, even though the proceeding be inspired by misguided enthusiasm. But then, if one believes in a "mad chink of Blake's mind,"¹ it is, of course, easier to dispose of what one does not like or understand. Much trouble and ingenuity is spared. One can then praise warmly, and one's warmth will do one's magnanimity credit, while saving one's critical faculty from any charges of aberration. Not that we have not much to enjoy in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's biographical sketch and critique, and in his great poet-brother's selection of poems for the second volume of Gilchrist's posthumously published biography of Blake. Still one must object in the name of fairness to the high-handed fashion. Against any such event as a really sympathetic critique that should "piece together" the "myths, trace their connection, reason out their system," and declare the works "at the end of the process, altogether right and fine, or even absolutely free from a tinge of something other than sanity," against such an enterprise as that of Messrs. Ellis & Yeats, Mr. Rossetti armed himself beforehand, it would seem, in the chain mail of a prejudgment.² Such editors would have ar-

¹ Prefatory Memoir to W. M. Rossetti's edition of *The Poetical Works of William Blake* (1874) (Aldine Edition), pp. xxxviii-xc.

² (Id.) p. cxxii.

rived at a conclusion different from *his*! A consummation devoutly to be wished, some years ago, and now to be grateful for with proportionate devoutness.

Professed finders of the "key" (like Faust's that takes one to the Mothers of awful name) Messrs. Ellis and Yeats have at all events turned it in the lock back and forth and made it lift the wards; they have not first picked the lock and then pretended to use their key with preternatural ease. Besides, we have the lock to look at, and take to pieces, and put together again. And the key we can try at our leisure.

It is rather delightful to witness with how much vigor and rigor, with how much righteous indignation Mr. Story¹ and Dr. Garnett² throw away the proffered key. They will have none of it. Except to flourish it in the air while a fine sarcastic smile plays on their countenances, and to exhibit by contrast their own far simpler way of dealing with the obstinate door, they have no use for it. According to them, it would seem that the door consists of many separate pieces, each with its particular hinge and bolt or lock. Those with bolts open by all means, even should the bolts shriek for rust; those with locks settle with the critical sledge hammer of imputations of insanity or senselessness. In you must. What you do not understand, term wild and inane. In Crabb Robinson fashion, though with much superior intelligence, far greater sympathy, "*their* want of wit" they will ascribe to Blake, and the "lawyer's writ" they will escape by crossing a frontier beyond which the fugitive is safe for lack of a comprehensive treaty of extradition.

Still it were untrue to say that these men have not done, each in his way, well; particularly the learned Doctor. Mr. Story should have, to our mind, been more wary of his

¹ *William Blake, His Life, Character and Genius*, by A. T. Story. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *William Blake, Painter and Poet*. By Richard Garnett, LL.D. Macmillan & Co., 1895. Published in *The Portfolio*, a very valuable, cheap, and profusely illustrated monograph.

weakness for adorning his tale with anecdote. He positively ends in making Blake ridiculous. Think of the solemn-eyed seer impersonating Adam, with Kate for Eve, without the embarrassing fig-leaf skirts, and of the surprised Adam inviting the dumbfounded Mr. Butts in to judge of the dramatic performance! What a tale to tell! And here do we not catch the disease by quoting it? To take the stories, true or untrue, remembered for singular eccentricity, and without the context of usual common sense, from which they rose as the Andes from the sea, leaving the extravagant morsels to pass for samples of the whole career, is certainly unfair treatment of any man, however unintentional the unfairness may have been.

And last, let us turn to Mr. Swinburne. Ah, for once, let me confess, I enjoyed that past-master in verbal jugglery. What eloquence! What "sound and fury" in so just a cause! What positive good will! "One-eyed among the blind," Messrs Ellis and Yeats call him. Had he possessed "two" such eyes there would have been surely nothing left for any one else to discover. At all events, let us earnestly hope he will soon come forth reprinted, leaving the edition now quoted at extravagant prices for rarity's sake to the bibliophile, and giving the lover of English that masterpiece of criticism by a "one-eyed" critic. For Mr. Swinburne does not rave in this instance as of Hugo, or condescend to low language of abuse as in the case of Byron. He maintains a gentle oscillation between enthusiasm and criticism, and the oscillating is done in masterful English. One need not care for Blake to care for Mr. Swinburne's essay; but one will not first care for the latter without afterward respecting the former.¹ One-eyed no doubt he is. He has a wonderful tenderness for Blake's rebellion against law and established order; in Blake's anger at the vaunted virtues of mere abstinence he revels. Hardly, however, does he

¹ *William Blake, A Critical Essay* by A. C. Swinburne. John Camden Hotten. London, 1868.

make us perceive with enough clearness that Blake scorned the lower virtue, born of a slavish sense of duty, only for a far higher, more ethereal virtue inspired by enthusiasm for the beauty of holiness, quite spontaneous and unconscious, the righteousness (to use the Pauline phrase) "not of man," but "of God."

"Translated into crude, practical language, his creed was about this: As long as a man believes all things he may do anything; scepticism (not sin) is alone damnable, being the one thing purely barren and negative; do what you will with your body as long as you refuse it leave to disprove or deny the life inherent in your soul,"¹

Mr. Swinburne fails to remind us that you cannot will to do anything with your body that is impure or selfish, if the life in your soul, that your spiritual faith produces, is such as Blake's. St. Paul was opponent of law and apostle of faith; but his object, quite as much as that of the Pharisee sect he left, was "righteousness," *By* faith it was to be attained really. Faith was the better *means*. The perfect knowledge of the law, he declared, only made a man aware of his sin, his failures to obey it; while perfect faith was not a discoverer merely (nay, perhaps a concealer), but it was instead a gradual remover of sin. It rendered wilful sin impossible. Even Blake's most violent and virulent antinomianism, his most fulgurant rebellion, in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, is not a protest against righteousness, but against a mechanical conscious system of producing it, which usually substitutes a hypocritical "good form" for the Holy Spirit and divine enthusiasm.

Mr. Swinburne gives us a valuable hint when he says:² "The one inlet left us for spiritual perception—that, namely, of the senses—is but one and the least of many inlets and channels of communication now destroyed or perverted . . . a tenet which, once well grasped and digested by the disciple, will further his understanding of

¹ Id., p. 96.

² Id., p. 242.

Blake more than anything else." Now, the vindicator of other avenues of knowledge than sensation and reasoning about sensation, he most undoubtedly was. He prayed to be delivered from "single vision and Newton's sleep."¹

If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out,²

and further,

This life's five windows of the soul
Distort the heavens from pole to pole,
And lead you to believe a lie,
When you see *with* not *through* the eye.³

for such a proceeding leads you to imagine the soul insignificant, and material mechanism of immense significance; and surely such

Humility is only doubt,
And does the sun and moon blot out.

But to this matter of Mr. Swinburne's one-sided presentation of Blake I shall return later on.

It is well to remember that to vindicate Blake by quotations from the New Testament is fair. He believed himself to be a christian. He thought himself a most loyal disciple of the Master. To be sure he threw the prevailing theology to the winds. It was to him profanely unchristian. The doctrine for instance, at its core, of a "vicarious atonement" he denounced as immoral. We have this on unquestionable evidence—the Diary of Mr. Robinson. In such a unique idea of the Christ as should exclude the rest of the race from a potential realization of the same degree of God-consciousness and God-power, he, most evidently, did not believe. Still he did not sympathize in religious matters with his friend, Mr. Thomas Paine, and the rest of the radical men of his day. He thought it better to believe as the common people did, in the divine exclusively in one man, than to believe in the divine in no man. Better yet, of course, it

¹ "Los the Terrible"! last line. W. B. Yeats' edition of Blake's Poems, p. 138. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1893.

² "Proverbs," id. p. 99.

³ "The Everlasting Gospel," id. p. 113.

were, according to Blake, to believe in Him as the very Self of all. No wonder, however, Mr. Crabb Robinson, orthodox and unspiritual, was shocked, and thought Mr. Blake had an insane fit when he declared Jesus was the only God! yet "added" [may we infer a pause, significant of different degrees of divine realization?] "and so am I, and so are you!"

Mr. Swinburne's one eye is excellent. The eye he lacked for the task of understanding Blake's message as a whole, was the eye of sympathy with the spirit of the New Testament and the mysticism of the christian centuries; this eye was put out by his own paganism and positivism, so that the Blake he sees is a mere Titan storming the Olympus of Moral Codes; a hurler of lightning-bolts, clutched from the relaxed hand of a slain Jove, into the stronghold of traditional thinking; a sort of air-clearing thunderstorm of terrific vehemence—leaving a man to obey the spirit—which, unfortunately for lack of the other eye, Mr. Swinburne interprets, not as the Holy One, but as one's own sweet private will!

For the labors of all these men we are deeply in their debt. The student will read them all again and again, if need be, till he understand them, (and in the cases of Mr. Swinburne's Essay and Messrs. Ellis & Yeats' commentary the task will be no light one) and then, obedient to each he will forget all the other critics for Blake himself, if not in the complete edition (rather high priced for the proverbial poverty-stricken student and poet lover) at least in Mr. Yeats' beautiful little volume which contains all the poems, and copious selections from the "Prophetic Books. The *Aldine* edition and such a volume—too cheap to be good—as Mr. Joseph Skipsey's *Selections*¹ (alas, so far, most of the people I have met read Blake in these only!) he will conscientiously avoid, as liable to produce entirely false impressions. He will leave (alas, many who discuss Blake do not!) the

¹ *The Poems, with Specimens of the Prose Writings of William Blake* with a prefatory notice by Joseph Skipsey, Walter Scott, London, 1883.

selections of Mr. Carr¹ and Mr. Miles² to satisfy the undergraduate and the dilettante; though surely the latter should be thanked for giving Blake his mere due, as "anticipating the Lake Poets," and treating him sweetly as well as seriously, even if one may be permitted to smile when he expresses his preference, both for "lyrical gift" as well as for "literary finish," of the poetical sketches to the poet's maturer works!

Before I plunge deeper into my subject let me remind the reader that I nowise profess to understand fully all the mystical explanations of Messrs. Ellis & Yeats. What it has taken them years and years to write, it may be supposed will take a reader like me years and years and years to understand. I will write merely as one much aided by them, feeling free to appropriate whatever has helped him to enjoy Blake more.

"I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?"

says Blake, as he begins "The Angel." Undoubtedly all his dreams have meaning. Only we must beware of such a slavish interpretation as will claim to have a definite sense for every minute part of every poem. The parallelism between the things of the flesh and the things of the spirit is never so perfect as to permit the construction of a flawless allegory. The poet has the choice to make between perpetual significance, with frequent preposterousness of the tale as tale, and unity, grace, charm in the poem, with occasional lapses from sense. The gold of meaning has to suffer alloy for the sake of the formal hardness that will fit it to pass current as coin. That there should be meaningless phrases only enhances the delight when one discovers the meaning of the rest; shine is relieved by shade. Besides these meaningless details suggest that no mere mean-

¹ Mr. J. Comyns Carr in Vol. III of *The English Poets*, edited by T. H. Ward. Macmillan & Co.

² In *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*, edited by A. H. Miles. Vol I., Hutchins & Co., London.

³ W. B. Yeats' edition, p. 73.

ing is sufficient, that no view of any seer is adequate to the truth. The vaguely vast suggests the illimitable, the indefinite, the infinite; the senseless, what is too much for sense. But with Blake the first thing requisite is to realize that his trope is not simile or metaphor, but symbol. It is not on likeness, picturesque or abstract, that his rhetorical figure is based. It is not because of a common attribute or element that two things are brought together, or substituted for one another. It is because the mutual relations of two sets of objects are the same, that any member of either series is substituted for the corresponding member. To one who read the Bible by the light of the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondence, a symbolic style was natural. The Lord, Israel, idolatry, punishment for it, atonement; the patriarchal husband who owned his wife, the slave-wife, unfaithfulness, repudiation, reconciliation, constitute unfailing features of Hebrew prophecy. There is no resemblance between the two series term by term. Is the Lord a married man? Israel a buxom bride? Idolatry wifely infidelity? Punishment for sin ejection from an irate husband's tent? Atonement the settlement of a conjugal difficulty to the satisfaction of the husband, and the return to bed and board of a repudiated wife? Yet, manifestly, while there is no sort of resemblance term by term, the relation of the terms in each series is the same as of those in the other. Now it is clear how powerful and familiar a figure is the symbol. Into current language many a one has passed from the Hebrew sacred writings, so that doubtless there are those who fancy it is a simile when we declare "we are all sheep gone astray!"

Now, of course all was grist to Blake's symbolical mill—the man he knew or heard of, the historical characters he read about, plots in popular tales. Is an event any less fit to be a significant symbol because historical? Shall not Washington be "patriotism!" To say that one has felt democratic and patriotic, is not to speak half so intelligibly as to declare that one has been favored by George Wash-

ington with an interview!. Why should not London and Canterbury serve as well as Sodom or Babylon, or Jerusalem, provided of course the reader does not take the poet too literally? "Persons served" in Blake's writing "for adjectives and substantives" at the same time, while their actions replaced verbs and their grouping propositions."¹ Now this was not with him a trick of rhetoric. It was native to the style of his writing, because native to the man. He was obliged, as the statuary and the painter are, to personify all abstracts in order to give them visibility and make them matter for his art. When persons were ready to offer themselves to him, why create imaginary persons? Thus in Blake's writing mythical beings of the substantiality of Ossian's mist-men and women mingle with personages from actual life. Things "happened for an allegory" to him as to St. Paul. Not that they did not happen, only they "happened *for* an allegory," and their having "happened" is quite a secondary consideration by the side of their being pregnant with meaning.

But this manner of thinking in terms of "men," "things," and "events" might pass merely for a strange fantasticalness in the man; the result of a man born to be sculptor or painter writing poetry and art-criticism. We have, however, another element of his style in his greatest works, to deal with that tries the patience of the prosaic reader so successfully as to constitute *the* ordeal that bars him forever from initiation into the Blakean mysteries. His stories are stationary. Time is left out of reckoning. Or, to say the same thing in other terms, there is a recurrence of the similar, with as little consciousness that it might seem tedious as there is in the sea's repeated rumbling upon the beach. He was a born musician. With fine ear and melodic imagination, he would improvise "songs." His last earthly

¹ Ellis & Yeats' *Memoir*, Blake's Works, Vol. I., p. 114.

² This habit of dealing with contemporaries has led to dangerous misinterpretations such as those of Rossetti concerning, *e. g.*, the relations of Blake and the poet Hayley.

hours were spent "making the rafters ring" (to quote his friend Tatham,) with "songs to melodies, both the inspiration of the moment" as Gilchrist has it.¹

Undoubtedly his method is a good one. Men's stupidity when confronted with a spiritual truth is proverbial. Iteration is not a useless expedient in the class room; and in the world, if the matter be weighty, iteration and reiteration are absolutely necessary would one gain an intelligent hearing. Particularly, should the poet use symbols which are likely to be misapprehended, it is by repetitions with variation (as a melody is treated in a symphonic composition) that we shall be prevented from rushing on with the plot of the tale into the meaningless, where the fancy disports itself like a lion's cub, and be brought back again and again to the theme, our mind kept stationary, so to say, before the actual sense.

This characteristic of his style has affinity to the method of the Hebrew prophets. No chronological, no logical sequence can always be established. A unity of intention is all that we can clearly perceive, which alone is enough to vouch for the sanity of the poet and the worth of his work. In this respect also there is a kinship between Blake's style and Whitman's (though to me, who love both, it seems as if the resemblance of style ceases here, and has been greatly exaggerated); unity of mood is substituted by Whitman for unity of plot, place, and time. The "Mood" acts as does our optical egotism, which arranges all the independent elements of the landscape into a illusory whole ordered with respect to our eye. Suppose, however, that ordering to be unchangeably fixed with respect to one particular point of view—not automatically self-readjusting as in the case of landscape and eye—what chaos would not appear to the man for whom it should be out of focus! No wonder prosaic readers sometimes fancy Blake and Whitman mad.

Yet even this could be to some extent condoned—a certain monotony and recurrence of incident—if the biog-

¹ *Gilchrist's Life of Blake*, Vol. I., p. 361.

raphers had not quoted contemporary suspicions of lunacy, and given such ample evidence for a successful relegation henceforward, of all Blake's works to the Bedlam of literature.

He saw visions! *a priori* that condemns him; though one may feel a little uneasy, if one has a bone of consistency in one's body, as to the mental status of the Paul of the third heaven, and of the John of Patmos. If *a priori* it condemns Blake, it condemns them. One remembers that the master of these "inspired madmen" was publicly railed at by the intellectual aristocracy of his time (not without provocation, to be sure,) as "having a devil"—in plain English, as being subject to insane hallucinations and fixed ideas. Of course, Swedenborg because he was a statesman and a practical scientist was sane; but because he was a prophet was insane; sane and insane at the same time—probably rapid interchanges of both mental conditions like expiration and inspiration of the lungs! Any theory, never so absurd, rather than to any extent accredit his seership! Boehme, without a doubt, was a harmless lunatic. Insanity would not interfere with cobbling. He was not born in apostolic days, nor was he a Hebrew prophet; how, then, could he be both sane and a habitual seer of visions? And the rest of the prophetic fraternity we shall, as sensible men, find cells for, and straight-jackets if there be any indications of incipient prophetic fury! Heaven, how would it fare with Isaiah, First and Second, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Minor Twelve in our generation! As for the terribly efficacious Elijah who left no literary or any other sort of remains, and Elisha who got double portion of his master's spirit, what we should do with them had they the bad taste to trouble us, is clearest when left unspoken! Visions? Let us stop to consider.

Not *materializations* of the séance-room, visible and tangible; nor *ghosts* or phantoms vampire-like borrowing vital energy, (or, in more acceptable language, subsisting for us only in virtue of disease, excitement, fear), and apparently

objective, visible if not tangible; not *hallucinations* like those of drunkard or maniac that seem to be part and parcel of the objective world, taking their place among things and people, of the same order of reality to all semblance as they, and therefore inspiring terror; but *visions* all the same, obeying the nod of the magician, (when he became master of himself), retreating into the caverns of his brain to dwell as babes in limbo, until wanted once more by the seer.

In unmistakable language Blake declared his visions subjective.¹ Yet he believed them to be not *his* creations. Though proceeding from his mind, they were due to "influences set going by the characters of men" of whom he drew his "pictorial opinions" to quote Messrs. Ellis & Yeats.² The thought-world is essentially one. Thoughts are men, he was wont to say. To think of Ezekiel is to summon his spirit from the "vasty deep." Not that you and I see Ezekiel. We see nothing at all. If the word brings any image, it is that of a book to most of us unintelligible, tedious, extravagant in style. But Blake *saw* Ezekiel, or rather Blake's "idea of Ezekiel," so much of Ezekiel as Blake was. Blake *saw* the "Ezekiel in Blake!" So it is with us. We do not see our friend, but so much of him as corresponds to our capacity for apprehension. No wonder no man is to us as solid as ourself! We get our whole self and at best a fragment of ourself when we try to get another! The difference between us and Blake is that, accustomed to think in terms of sensible form, he *saw* what we, in his place, should have merely thought. So our relations to our thoughts were in his case objective fellowship with imaginary persons.

Now Blake desired every man to verify his visions, to see for himself. All men, he thought, had the same gift — only they had not cultivated it as he had. The imagination makes "forms more real than living man," to quote Shelley. Of course. For let us again consider. The inventor

¹ Cf. Ellis & Yeats' *Works of Blake*, Vol. I., pp. 95-96.

² Cf. *id.* p. 123.

sits with closed eyes. He sees his machine. Not as you and I should were his idea to take on iron (for flesh), and deafen the ear, and trouble the eye with gyrating wheels and spinning balls and shuttling rods, until we were giddy. We could then see the outside. The machinist would see all the hidden anatomy, so to say. For him the heart would be pumping the blood visibly. We should have to stop the mechanism to take it apart; dissect the body for science's sake. He can let it live, yet know it; and know it better because he knows its life. Such is the power of visualizing. With most of us it is very erratic. You lie down in an orchard in spring-tide robe of blossoms, and you behold your first love, snatched back from the grave; no ghost, beautiful, vital. You dare not move, not even in thought, or the vision vanishes. Blake would have summoned the vision, engaged her in conversation, and kissed her for aught I know, all the while in the snowfall of the apple blossoms shaken about him by the wind. Why not, pray? You would if you could. Don't be jealous of him because he can. His "accomplishment" will not interfere with you. Should he even kiss his vision of your first love, it is nothing surely taken from you that was yours; it is the tribute the seen pays to the seer—the tribute rendered cheerfully by the objective world from day to day to the least of us ordinary human creatures for a respectful recognition!

But you and I at our day-dreams—nay our night-dreams—fasting, or after a plentiful meal alike—are the sport of our tricky visions; so was Blake for a season. In time, however, he asserted his suzerainty over the underlords of the debatable territory; and the visions asked leave to come and go, and appeared and bowed themselves out as courtiers in the royal presence. No trespassing on his work-time was allowed to translunary visitors. Never so ethereal, they had to mind the rules of his daily schedule of duties. But for years he struggled. It was very hard to co-ordinate the two states of consciousness so unlike; to be

both seer and recorder or artist at one and the same time ; to use the spiritual sense to take in the vision and the carnal to verify what pen or 'graver or brush had done toward translating it, for the spiritually blind, into the language of mortals. But he succeeded so well that doubtless he might ask Helena of Troy to favor him with a three-quarters profile, if he preferred it to her less classic full-face, let us say ; and she would have obeyed him with the most bewitching smile, and a flash of acquiescence let loose from under cloud-white brows that would brand the blue of the eye forever in memory.

But Blake hated "Memory." Not daughters of Memory were the true Muses ! unless memory be understood in that transcendental sense of Platonizers, when souls are said to come "trailing clouds of glory" from "heaven" their "home." Memory as the storehouse of sense-knowledge he feared, and therefore hated. If overwhelmed with sensual experience, the spirit could not be free. Faith in unseen spirit might be slain by faith in oft-seen flesh too well remembered. It never occurred to him that the memories (the ghosts, so to say, of old sensations) could have any contributory value, when a new perception was possible to him, better than the old ! It is the ancient controversy between the adherents of tradition and dogma, and immediate inspiration ; of majority rule and of the Holy Spirit ; of the remembered individual past and the imagined ideal future ; of the actual, rather, and of the ideal that is being steadily realized, but is not yet.

Still, it is hardly fair to say that in art he ignored wilfully the model. He studied his own body and his wife's. Whether Butts saw them or not in the garden bower, we see them again and again on his illumined pages. To say that he hated drawing and painting from the model is one thing ; that he hated the knowledge of human anatomy, as *something* that has become *unconscious*, and only serves to guard the hand of the artist from mechanical error, while not interfering with the freedom of his mental eye, were to say another.

That he did not believe Titian or Rubens to be artists as divine as Angelo, Raphael, and Dürer we can grant. That to him to "feel the model" in a painter's work seemed reprehensible, we do not wonder. Look at your model, my artist, if you please, but let her be merely your anatomical text-book, not your artist's bible, comprising all your inspiration between head and heels as between cover and cover; climb hills of meaner sort to practise muscles and joints before you attempt Horeb or Sinai or Pisgah! See your models before you paint your visions. But on the Holy Mount you will have too much to think of things divine, to remember your athletic feats on ordinary hills! Titian and Rubens, Blake thought, painted men and women, and gave mythological names to account for nudity and lascivious attitudes; Angelo, Raphael, and Dürer saw divine beauty, and sought for means in the sensual world whereby to express it in part at least. The "Satanic" twain apotheosized the flesh; the "Christian" three brought heaven down. So he might have put the matter.

But why the "Christian" three? Why speak of "imagination" in the three, and "plagiarism" or memory in the twain? Because art is to impress the spiritual on the sensible, to inject the ideal into the actual world, and realize it for men. Hence to him evangelization and art-work are one calling; Christ and His apostles were the chief of artists.¹ Did they not make spiritual men out of natural men? beautiful characters out of ugly nondescript human material?

Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be Art—and further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing?

(Browning's *Pippa Passes*.)

Of course not! Art of the highest sort! Blake himself was

¹ Cf. Swinburne's Essay, pp. 86-99 for a wholly un-Blakean vindication of Blake's work from charges of immorality. On the "art for art's sake" heresy, he would have us excuse what as a matter of fact is in need (when understood) of no apology.

prophet as well as poet and painter. To sing, to draw, to color, and to preach were kindred ways of doing one and the same thing. But, master of two arts, it was impossible that he should say the same thing simultaneously in text and marginal illumination. Indeed, he never draws out of the text what is there, even when he illustrates the literary works of masters like Dante¹ or Milton. Some measure of faithfulness to their conceptions there must of course be, for those are dictators in two republics of letters. As for Young and Blair, they can be safely left in their literary Hades, while the illustrator ascends the heavens from first to seventh. In his own work, however, it was possible to carry out his theory to the full. The illustrator should give not what the text supplies, but what it does not and can not give. Why play the melody on the instrument when the singer gives it better? Can you not furnish harmonies? Supply allusions, illustrations, comment! Can you not follow out suggestions, develop the latent? Run in sympathetic parallel,² in brilliant paradoxical contrast? So does the true accompanist. So does the true illustrator. It is nothing against this method that Anne Radcliffe should furnish a suggestion for the Preludium to "Europe, a Prophecy."³ Surely she may furnish a highwayman, if our national history yields a pictorial symbol for patriotism. All, as we said before, was grist to Blake's symbolic wind-mill. Why *wind*-mill? Well, because we prefer it to water-mill, bad as it is. Wind and water are themselves diverse symbols. The latter signifies instinct, as the former does the affections. Unfortunately for us we have no mill whose mechanism is driven by sunlight; for sunlight signifies with

¹ Three valuable articles on William Blake and his illustrations to the Divine Comedy have appeared in numbers of the *Savoy* (July—September, 1896,) from the pen of Mr. W. B. Yeats, with illustrations.

² It is surprising to find in *Vala*, for instance, words descriptive of illustrations to earlier prophetic books, and this not once, but repeatedly. Rather suggestive of the consistent unity of Blake's myth, one might think?

³ Cf. Swinburne's Essay, pp. 238-239.

Blake, both brilliancy and heat, the intellect fired by the divine. His mill of symbolism, was then not even a *wind-mill*, but, let us venture it, a "*light-mill*."

And so I have stumbled upon Blake's symbolic system such as we know it from his extant works, but I shall reserve what I have to say about it for another paper.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

BURGESS'S "MIDDLE PERIOD."

"There is no more serious and delicate a task in literature and morals than that of writing the history of the United States from 1806 to 1860." So read the opening lines of Dr. John W. Burgess's preface to his "Middle Period," and from them the reader has a right to expect that whether considered as literature or history the work shall show a carefulness of style and an appreciation of the significance of the events of the four decades treated, at least above the ordinary. Dr. Burgess tells us further that the task he has essayed should be approached "with an open mind and a willing spirit to see and to represent the truth." The Middle Period of our history has been not inaptly called our "Dark Ages," and everybody, from the members of the G. A. R. to the Arkansas Legislature, has been eagerly awaiting just such a history of it as Dr. Burgess declares himself anxious to write; but whoever takes up the present volume with any hopes founded upon the above quotations is likely to have them dashed by two statements which immediately follow.

The first of these, and the least important, is that the author confesses himself to be strongly biassed, and consequently to have misgivings as to his fitness for the task. The second is far more serious, for here Doctor Burgess tells us that he has used no "secondary material"—that is, that all the work already done upon the Middle Period—and surely some of it is valuable—has been ignored by him, and that he has gotten his facts at first hand and drawn from them his own (biassed) conclusions. "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom" is a proverb which especially obtains among scholars and critics and even among constitutional lawyers. Surely it is a bold and rash undertaking, little in keeping with the author's avowed recognition of the "serious and delicate nature of his task," to attempt it without a

study, and a careful one at that, of the work already done by others that he may profit by their successes and be warned by their failures. To start out upon an investigation with a definitely formed and distinctly announced conclusion and to disparage and ignore the labor and conclusions of others are two things not characteristic of "an open mind and a willing spirit" or even of a political historian. Leaving out of consideration all question of fairness, one may well doubt the thoroughness and the value of work done upon such lines. The man who writes history must do so in the spirit of fearless investigation. He must not fear the "twists" of any other mind native or foreign. All material should be *primary* to him. Imagine a would-be commentator on Thucydides ignoring all the editions and sitting down to his work armed only with the Cassellanus MS. with the Scholia erased, and we have the attitude of one who would write history and leave out the historians. Little good will ever come of beginning a book with the announcement that it is going to prove somebody a fool or a knave—little progress toward "national cordiality" will ever be made by attempting to demonstrate that anybody was morally wrong in '61. It is likewise calculated to produce only irritation coolly to "credit the Southern people with sincerity of purpose in their views and acts." Right or wrong a man dare not shed his blood and yield his treasure except he be sincere. No man has ever charged the Southern people with lack of courage, and it was the courage of conviction which enabled them to fight so bravely in a losing cause. The truth is *ex parte* history must always be a failure whether it be written on the right side or not, for the true historian has no side but the truth. The truth is his business, let it hurt whom it will. When he writes in the interest of any propaganda he is stepping aside from his path. He no longer deserves credit as a historian and merits consideration only as an expounder of his dogma.

So much for what Dr. Burgess tells us that he intended to do. Let us now attempt to discover what he has done.

In the first place, speaking of the work as a whole, acts of Congress do not constitute the political history of the United States during the Middle or any other period. Indeed it is especially true of the Middle Period that its history, concerned as it is with the expansion and growth of our country in both a governmental and a wider sense, cannot be at all adequately represented by a sort of telescoping together of the acts of the Legislative body. This has just been strikingly illustrated in the case of the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain which has been rejected by the Senate. It may be safely affirmed that a majority of the American people—certainly of the best and most American—were anxious for its ratification. Clearly, then, it would not do to say that the action of the Senate voiced the sentiment of the American people. Further it would not do for the historian of fifty years hence to describe South Carolina as a region abounding in pitchforks and tobacco-juice, and Alabamians as talking even in their sleep. Politicians as a rule are not much in advance of their constituents, but they usually represent only phases, as it were, of the popular mind. Their sayings and their doings are therefore not always trustworthy indices of the popular character. Intelligent history can no longer be written without a careful study of the social, political, and economic conditions of people in the mass. So a really valuable history of the United States will not be written until some painstaking, searching mind makes itself familiar with the innermost life and the real environment of the people in every section of the country. Whoever does this will discover that at the time of which Dr. Burgess writes there were two distinct peoples in America, and that these two peoples were continually drifting apart, and becoming more and more unlike. He will not discover this by expounding acts of Congress, and indeed, he will not be able properly to expound acts of Congress until he has grasped the importance of the discovery. It will require a vast amount of "secondary material" in the shape of an intimate acquaintance with voters as well as

legislators, with natural as well as artificial conditions, to enable him to realize this fact which after all is the one fact which made the war possible. All this is true even of a political historian, because after all the politics of a country is determined by social and material conditions. Differences in these caused the North and South continually to drift apart. Thus it was that the people of these sections gradually came to regard the Constitution from different and finally opposite standpoints, and so began to develop it in diametrically opposed directions. Development somewhere was inevitable, because any constitution resembles an organism in that it is continually growing and therefore changing. It is a living thing, and it draws its life from the life of the nation. Herein lies the great fault of Doctor Burgess's book. He has no background for his acts of Congress. This background, carefully constructed out of a thorough understanding and appreciation of the characteristics of the two people, will show in clear relief how it was that the Southern people came to regard the Constitution as a compact between individual States and consequently how it was that they opposed the Northern idea of how it should be developed. In like manner it will reveal how the idea of nationality was worked out by the Northern people. It was being worked out in the Middle Period, but it was not worked out by acts of Congress, which are effects, not causes. The great legal question which was gradually dividing the country, between 1836 and 1860, was as to the nature of the Constitution. Now, as has been already indicated, constitutions are not made in a day, and the trouble arose over the direction in which the making of this one should extend. It is not therefore the business of the historian of the Middle Period to prove that the South was wrong or that the North was right, but to show clearly the trend of events leading up to the final settlement of a question of interpretation and a mode of development. This must be true, because, if we regard the Constitution as a mere formal document inflexible in its nature, the South was correct in its view of it beyond

the shadow of a doubt. What the South failed to appreciate was the force and necessity of the formative process referred to above. From 1812 to 1865 the American people were rounding out the outlined form of their Constitution. The war set the seal of final decision upon the fact that this was to be one nation, not many, but this decision had not been reached before. Owing to differences of environment, of feeling, of society, in short, of all the things that define a people, the ideas of the two sections crystalized into different shapes and could not be reconciled. The trouble with the historians, constitutional or other, who have written about the Middle Period and the war is, that while recognizing the fallacy of the strict constructionist view of the Constitution, they have fallen into the equally egregious mistake of assuming that the development of what is undoubtedly the true American idea of that Constitution had been completed by 1840 or thereabouts. Dr. Burgess has not escaped this error. Realizing, as we all must, that however the Constitution may have read or seemed to read in 1787, it would be folly and treason to read "States' Rights" into it now, he, in his preface, charges those who read it that way during the Middle Period with being wrong and foolish, when as yet the final reading had not been made. This has put him in the somewhat anomalous position of having written a book leaning decidedly toward a conclusion which he repudiates in his preface. He has done this simply because he knows, as an American citizen, that the Constitution has been read the best way in regard to State Rights and secession, while as a constitutional lawyer he realizes that up to Appomattox the Southerners had a case. The war was a part of the making of the Constitution. It was the war which decided these things to be treasonable and wrong. The North had no more right to decide the question than had the South, and since they could not agree upon a decision, war was inevitable. It is high time that those people who would tinker at the history of the causes leading up to the Civil war should realize that in this connection secession and

rebellion are incompatible. One of the component parts of a system cannot rebel against the other. It can disagree with it, quarrel with it, fight it, if you please, and be justifiable or not in doing so, but since rebellion implies resistance on the one part to lawfully-constituted authority residing altogether in the other, it would be difficult to find in the constitution or anywhere else sufficient ground for characterizing Civil war as rebellion. Anybody is entitled to write a book justifying either the North or the South, but such a book must not be labelled history. In like manner, a mass of facts, important in themselves no doubt, and having slavery and its evils coloring and even inducing most of them is not a history of the American people from 1817 to 1858. Doctor Burgess has made a collection of this sort and calls it a constitutional history. He tells us in the preface that he is going to prove the South wrong. Now it is respectfully submitted that in order to do this latter he should have written a treatise on ethics, as it is impossible to do it in a constitutional history. The book itself demonstrates this, for the author fairly labors to be just and while he always ends a discussion with the statement that the South was wrong, the discussion itself tends to lead the reader to the opposite conclusion.

But it is high time that the book were examined more in detail.

"I take up," says Dr. Burgess, in his opening chapter, "the threads of the narrative at the beginning of the year 1816, and my problem in this chapter will be to expound the acts and the policies of the fourteenth Congress." [p 1.]

This sentence is quoted because it affords us an insight into the scope and nature of the entire work—gives us its ground plan as it were—which, as already stated consists in summing up the history of the United States in acts of Congress. The particular acts treated of in the chapter are the Bank Bill, the Tariff Bill of 1816, and the Bill for Internal Improvements. Dr. Burgess expounds these to mean nationalism and calls particular attention to the attitude of Mr.

Calhoun and the other Southern members of Congress toward them. Mr. Calhoun is described as "clear, generous and patriotic," as surpassing them all in broadness of view, and in patriotic "devotion to the interests of the nation." All of this is very pleasant and very true, and it is only in regard to the causes assigned for the attitude of the great South Carolinian that we have any occasion to take issue with Doctor Burgess. He states this to be the centralizing influence of the war of 1812, just ended. But while this undoubtedly had its effect upon the whole country, a more obvious and a more weighty reason for the nationalism of the South may be found in the fact that up to this time no thought of the subservience of the states to "the Congress," as the general government was usually styled, had arisen in the mind of anybody. *Environment* had not begun to do its work and show its effects. The question between Federalist and Republican had not been so much of states and nation, as of Oligarchy and Democracy, though Jefferson had just been teaching "a careful maintenance of the rights and powers of the states." Calhoun's declaration, "The Constitution is my letter of authority" met with universal approbation. The Hartford Convention of 1814-15 had declared that the states must be the judges and execute their own decisions when the Federal Government exceeded its powers. There was no room for uneasiness in the South any more than in the North for both regarded the Constitution in very much the same way. Material interests, jealousy, and diverse social conditions had not separated the two sections of the country from each other. They were not even well defined.

In the second chapter the slavery question, which is to dominate all politics and all constitutional interpretation throughout the period, appears as a mere speck on the political horizon. The topic here is the acquisition of Florida which is described very forcibly. We cannot find it possible to agree with Dr. Burgess in regard to the expedition against the Nicholls Fort. He describes the commun-

ity as one of "pirates and buccaneers" and their suppression by General Jackson as the close of the war of 1812. Calling it war is all very well but it will hardly justify what was at best a filibustering expedition which culminated in an atrocity by which several hundred human beings were blown to atoms. It is hard to see any motive for it save the destruction of a sort of a city of refuge for runaway slaves. At the conclusion of the chapter Doctor Burgess tells us that

"It was to be expected that this territory would be erected into a commonwealth in which the institution of slavery would be legalized, but that the North did not object to this because Radical Abolitionism had not blinded its statesmen to the general and paramount interests of the Union." [p. 38.]

In other words up to this time the legality, or constitutionality of slavery was unquestioned, and nobody had attempted to force his views as to the morality of it upon anybody else.

This is shown very clearly in the next chapter which is entirely devoted to the introduction and spread of slavery in America. We are reminded of the sale of twenty negroes from a Dutch vessel at Jamestown in 1619 and are informed that,

"There is certainly no evidence that any of these parties (to the sale), or anyone else had the faintest conception that the law of any state, or any principle of natural justice or of reason was violated by the procedure or the results of the procedure." [p. 42.]

As the author goes on to say "it was a firmly and universally established opinion of the time." Slavery fell into disuse in the North not so much from moral as from material considerations, while in the South it was highly profitable. It thus grew into the social economy of the South, as this assumed coherency after the chaos of settlement and foundation, and become inextricable interwoven with the whole constitution of society. It will require something more than a knowledge of constitutional law to enable an outsider to understand the attitude of the *ante bellum* Southerner toward slavery. Its abolition was possible only with

a wrench—it had to be plucked out, it had too many roots to perish easily. On the other hand if the Northern States had not abolished slavery within their borders it would have abolished itself. The moral sense of the New Englander found a powerful spur in his pecuniary interests, and he discovered even before 1808 that slavery was wrong. In the South debit and credit worked a different result and the Southerner did not perceive the moral wrong until half a century later. Wrong it undoubtedly was, but it was always wrong and it is idle to speak of it as "a temporary necessity in the South" or anywhere else. There was profit attached to it and that is all that can be said about it.

"The Constitution of 1787 contains among its provisions three most important recognitions of slavery. . . . The first was political in its nature." "It counted the negro for three-fifths of the white man in the distribution of the representation in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral Colleges." "The second was commercial in its nature. . . . It forbade the Congress to prohibit before the year 1808 the migration and importation of such persons as the existing states might see fit to admit. . . . The third was a strict guarantee of slave property. . . . It required the surrender to his master of an escaped slave wherever found in the United States." [p. 52.]

As Doctor Burgess says, "these were momentous provisions" which secured and increased slave property and tended to make of slavery a vast political power. They made the institution perfectly legal and constitutional in any state which chose to have it. They made the slavery question not a legal one at all. It was a moral question. When diverse interests opposed each other the contending parties confounded morality and legality. The North wanted to make out slavery legally wrong because it was morally wrong, while the South sought to make it appear morally right because it was legally right. Doctor Burgess's third chapter might very well have been cut down to what is contained in the above paragraph. If he had so compressed it he would have avoided a somewhat questionable bit of reasoning which reads about as badly as an *ante bellum* Southerner's defense of the moral right of slavery. Writing of the Louisiana purchase, he says:

"The treaty of cession contained a provision which pledged "the United

States government to uphold the rights of property of the inhabitants of the province. . . . It can be fairly said therefore that the United States government obligated itself to France to maintain slavery within the territory ceded until it become a commonwealth or commonwealths of the Union."

"The United States government might have violated the treaty if it had chosen to do so and the question then raised would have been one of a purely diplomatic or international character." [p. 55.]

The discussion is concluded by the statement that :

"The government of the United States was under no obligations to any citizen of the United States or to any commonwealth of the Union to keep the treaty inviolate. . . . It may be affirmed therefore that the United States government had in the case of Louisiana for the first time permitted and maintained slavery in territory where it was perfectly free to act in regard to this subject as it would, in so far as its own citizens were concerned. [p. 57.]

This seems queer reasoning from the fact that it suggests a code of morals which makes engagements entered into by nations of no effect. It is as immoral as slavery. Besides the engagement *was* with the citizens of the United States—such citizens as under the law chose to "migrate" with their slaves into the territory and with such others as were already there.

The author next takes up the Missouri compromise which is made the subject of the fourth chapter.

"Already," he says, "had it become manifest that the influences and measures relied upon the forefathers for the ultimate extirpation of negro slavery were not effecting the desired results in the commonwealths south of the Pennsylvania line and the Ohio river." [p. 61.]

This leads us to inquire what were these "influences and measures?" They surely could not have been the "three most important recognitions of slavery" in the Constitution drawn up by these same forefathers. They could not have been found in the fact that "the United States government had permitted and maintained slavery in the territory where it was perfectly free to act in regard to this subject." They must all have been comprehended in the clause prohibiting the importation of slaves after 1808. But limitation is not extirpation by any means, and it is greatly to be doubted whether the latter ever occurred to the forefathers at least as far as the states south of the line of Penn-

sylvania and the Ohio river are concerned. The whole subject of the admission of Missouri is treated, however, in a fearless, fairminded way, and furnishes one of the most valuable chapters of the book. It is true that it can hardly be called history, but must be considered as a discussion of certain acts of Congress involving principles of political and constitutional law. As such it is indeed a valuable aid to a study of the Middle Period. It is to be regretted, however, that in a book of this sort the discussion is not brought to a definite conclusion as to the way in which the question was settled. Dr. Burgess tells us *how* it was settled and reviews in a masterly way the effects of the decision, but the great question of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise upon which so much came to depend and out of which grew so much that made for the destruction of the Union remains untouched. By this compromise two slave-holding commonwealths were formed out of a "province" in the whole of which

"Slavery was legal when the United States received it from France," and into, "any part of which a man might have taken slaves without violating any law. [p. 93.]

Yet slavery was forbidden in the rest of it when the commonwealths formed out of it should come up for admission to the Union.

The question, how could this action be constitutional? was asked in 1850, and to the strict constructionist seemed a perfectly reasonable one. The true answer to it would in all probability have failed to satisfy either the strict constructionist or his opponent, for it would have informed the one that he could not read his constitution except in the light of history—that this action was a part of the making of that constitution, and it would have told the other that he could not limit the making in time or extent. It would have been well to have devoted time and space to the enunciation of this principle, and the value of the chapter would have been considerably enhanced.

We are next brought to consider the "particularistic re-

action" of 1821-24, exemplified in the Tariff Bill of 1823 and the Bill for Internal Improvements in 1822. An historian, instead of a constitutional lawyer would have devoted more space to a consideration of how such a reaction from the nationalism of 1816 was possible, and less to the manner in which this reaction manifested itself. Thus the greatest defect in a valuable book would have been obviated and thus too the separation of the two peoples already alluded to as a most important element in their ultimate quarrel would have become apparent. The gradual division of the American people into particularists and nationalists, into Northern people of one type and Southerners of quite another, explains the war much more truthfully than African slavery.

The part of the chapter dealing with the Monroe Doctrine, so-called, is particularly good and some of our present legislators might study it with profit, particularly in the closing sentence which reads :

"The Congress of that day had altogether too much intelligence to make diplomatic opinions advanced by the administration either laws of the land or joint or concurrent resolutions of the legislative department of the government." [p. 128.]

The next chapter deals with the presidential election of 1824 and is the most history-like and one of the most interesting in the book. There are, however, two things in it which are somewhat peculiar. One is the meaning and the form of the sentence which characterizes John Quincy Adams, as

The best equipped and the most experienced statesman *which* America had up to that time produced. [p. 182.]

This in one sense is as bad as the information that a certain proposed movement might *lay* on the table which we found a few pages back, and in another sense furnishes a poor estimate of Washington, Jefferson and even others of Adams' predecessors. The other queer statement is found in the concluding lines of the estimate of Webster who is—"in a word,"

"A demigod; by no means so austere in character as in appearance,

liable as genius too often is to sometimes break over the restraints of customary morality, but doing it in so grand and natural a manner as to make the rule he had broken seem narrow, insignificant and mean." [p. 117.]

All of which is very fine no doubt, but by implication as low an estimate of moral law as the one above is of Washington. We may suspect that some of the great orator's acquaintances who had learned to their sorrow something of the very *natural* manner in which he broke certain moral laws did not see the grandeur of such action, and placed the *meanness* in him instead of in the moral law.

The acts of Congress treated of in the three following chapters, dealing with the Tariff, Internal Improvements and the United States Bank serve to show the birth and the growth of the Nullification idea which latter forms the basis of the next chapter. There is a general impression that the Nullification idea originated with Mr. Calhoun, and Doctor Burgess does not seek to remove that impression. It would have been well to have called attention to the fact that as far back as 1798 Jefferson had drafted resolutions to be introduced in the Kentucky Legislature declaring that the Constitution was a compact between the states, that Congress was their agent and that they might "*nullify*" those acts of Congress which were outside of the strict limits of the powers delegated to that body. Doctor Burgess has, however, split the discussion on Nullification in somewhat the same way as he split an infinitive in the passage quoted above about Webster. That is, he begins it in the eighth chapter in connection with President Jackson's message of December 7, 1830 concerning the tariff, but drops it for the Bank, to conclude it in the tenth chapter. Chronologically this may do, but it would doubtless have been better to have made the whole subject of Nullification the subject of one chapter. It would thus have been made more intelligible, and there would have been offered a better opportunity for showing how far in 1833 the people of South Carolina had yielded to their environment and taken hold on the idea that the Union was a confederation. So too might have

been shown how gradually the whole South was beginning to regard the North as hostile to it and its interests.

The chapter on Nullification closes what might be called Part I of the book—that part in which slavery is treated incidentally, and the author now takes the slavery question directly. Many writers have wasted much ink and much English both good and bad in writing screeds about “humanitarian outbursts” which represented slavery as a crime against the rights of man. Abolition was no outburst. It was a normal growth. Slavery has always been the accompaniment either of barbarism or undevelopment, and as people have progressed from the one or overcome the other they have inevitably discarded it and sought to persuade or force others to do likewise. The American people were no exception to this rule and even if there had been no war every negro in the country would have been emancipated eventually. The Northern people, dissociated with slavery by their environment, looked upon it with a repugnance which increased in direct proportion with their intelligence and their refinement. The Southern people, having it closely interwoven with their social, political, and economic life did not arrive at the emancipation point until forced up to it, but it is safe to say that they would in turn have reached it, and that they would have reached it all the sooner but for a spirit of resistance to what they considered Northern aggression, and the vituperative ravings of abolitionist fanatics. It is in connection with one of these—William Lloyd Garrison that Doctor Burgess appears in that curious attitude of stating a conclusion and arguing toward the opposite to which allusion has been made. His contempt for Garrison peeps out in spite of the fact that he disclaims all intention of referring “to him or his motives,” asserting that

“Constitutional history has only to do with the doctrines of political ethics and public jurisprudence which he formulated.” [p. 246.]

It is queer ethics and questionable jurisprudence which denounces the Constitution as,

"A covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and which seeks, [p. 248.]

"to overturn vested rights and constitutional agreements by methods which were revolutionary and almost anarchic." [p. 246.]

Fanatics like Garrison, whether Northern or Southern, fanned the smouldering jealousy and resentment of the sections into the flame of war. Doctor Burgess's preface to the contrary notwithstanding, there *was* wrong on both sides just as there was right. Abolition itself sought to violate the Constitution. The abolitionists were the first disunionists. Their action in regard to slavery can no more be justified than can secession, nor does the author of the *Middle Period* attempt to do it. His chapter on abolition ought to convince anyone that if secession was a crime the North was a party to that crime as well as the South.

Events now hasten toward the catastrophe. We are shown how President Jackson's action in regard to the suppression of the Bank, created the Whig Party which perished because its principle, the authority of Congress over the executive failed to become an accepted reading of the Constitution in that particular; how Texas became a bone of contention between slaveholding and non-slaveholding parties, and how at last by a piece of Constitutional hocus-pocus the latter triumphed and the iniquitous war with Mexico furnished more territory and consequently more fuel for the fire of animosity between the sections. It must be noted, however, that Dr. Burgess does not so denominate either the annexation of Texas or the war with Mexico. He probably regards these as he does the occupation of California which he describes as,

"A great and correct stroke of public policy supported by Geographical, Commercial and Political reasons," [p. 332.]

these latter being such as—it was valuable property, the United States wanted it, and somebody else would have taken it. These things make us wonder if the

"Only moral principle on which slavery could be justified," [p. 366.]

which we find alluded to later on in the book must not have been of the same character. But we must leave certain amendments and propositions still *laying* on or over, certain nouns preceding present participles without being in the possessive case, and even leave the state of Oregon in a state of ignorance, [p. 311], to consider the weightier matters of the "Repeal of the Missouri Compromise," the "Execution of the Fugitive Slave Law," and the struggle for Kansas which close the book. Doctor Burgess shows how the election of Pierce decided by a most overwhelming majority (27 states to 4), that the Fugitive Slave Law should be executed and then goes on to say,

"Had the slave-holders made a wise use of this to them most favorable turn in affairs, there is little question that they might have preserved their peculiar institution where it existed." [p. 377.]

By wisdom he evidently means that they should have given up the fruits of their victory ; that is,

"Cease to claim the rendition of their fugitive slaves, [p. 378.]

and this for the rather absurd reason that they ought to have considered that the darkey having,

"Sufficient intelligence to elude their own police administration had already attained the point of mental activity and of courage which required in good morals his liberation." [p. 378.]

This is a test of citizenship as barbaric as slavery and as silly as can well be imagined. "Doubtless the slave-holders were sincere," or at least "it would be hard to prove they were not sincere," in believing that the "Rendition of Fugitive Slaves" was their constitutional right which had just been guaranteed to them by a vast majority of the whole people. It was very plain, however, that there was a party in the North composed of no insignificant people, (Doctor Burgess calls them "hightoned,") bent on evading the law, and, as the slaveholders took it, seeking to subvert the constitution and depriving them of their rights under it. It is not remarkable therefore that they grew to regard these people as the enemies of their very firesides and that they should have proceeded to erect as many bulwarks of defense

as possible. This it was that brought about the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

It is in connection with the Dred Scott case that Doctor Burgess deserts his colors as a constitutional lawyer and takes the position of a partisan as marked out in his preface. He tells us that seven of the nine Justices of the Supreme Court acquiesced in the opinion handed down by the Chief Justice, but that the opinion of the seven was wrong, and that the "powerful dissenting opinion" of the two as written by one of them "smashed the other to atoms." He tells us that,

"the nation began to show its resolution to meet its responsibility by acquitting itself of any participation in this wrong in the only manner now left to it, that is by preventing it," [p. 458.]

that it,

"did not take the nation long to decide what course it must pursue." [p. 459.]

By *Nation* he evidently means those people who repudiated the action of the Supreme Court and determined to fight slavery by all the "indirect means" possible. How can a constitutional lawyer call them a nation? There were more people on the other side and seven judges of the Supreme Court, so, legally, they had the better side. The plain truth of the matter is that the Nation was rapidly splitting into two parts, and consequently just what the Nation was and "what course it should pursue" were things not settled until the civil war. A lack of historical perspective is the only thing that makes any other view possible, unless we take a partisan position in favor of one side or the other.

Dr. Burgess has described very graphically the struggle for Kansas, and he has done so in a very impartial way. He refuses to dignify its ruffianly episodes by the name of war, and places their participants in the category of cut-throats and criminals whither the better sense of the whole American people will one day consign them. The struggle however marked the line of cleavage. When it was over

war was inevitable, and the North was arrayed against the South. Thus culminated the bickering and the strife of half a century, and Doctor Burgess leaves us on the threshold of the great civil war. Of this slavery was undoubtedly the immediate cause, but its final cause was a far different one. Doctor Burgess has made slavery the burden of his discourse because while he saw slavery behind all the political acts of the period he saw no further. He did not realize that a government partly Federal and partly National must inevitably have been developed in one direction or the other, and that slavery merely aided the Southerner to develop it toward a loose confederation while the Northerner developed it toward nationality. The civil war settled the question of the final supremacy of the Northern idea, but it did not make out the Southerner either a rebel or a rascal. It has given us a new nation. He who would write history, constitutional or congressional must realize this fact.

Dr. Gildersleeve in his edition of Pindar says of the poet ; "It was no treason to Medize before there was a Greece, and the Greece that came out of the Persian war was a very different thing from the Cantons that ranged themselves on this side and on that of a quarrel which we may be sure bore quite another aspect to those who stood aloof from it than it wears in the eyes of those who have all learned to be Hellenic patriots." It is in some such way as this that we must regard the Southerner at the close of the Middle Period. We may then find it necessary to call him mistaken—ill-advised, but we shall find no occasion to speak of him in terms of dishonor. We shall understand that his consciousness of being right was as great as that of the Northerner, and that his contention in regard to the Constitution was *a priori* as reasonable as the latter's. We shall not then be so ready to call him traitor, nor shall we find it so hard to realize that his "lost cause" meant far more to him than the mere possession of his slaves.

W. H. MCKELLAR.

A GREAT CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.¹

The working apparatus of the classical student has been considerably increased by the publication of this work, which although not wholly above criticism, is yet a marked improvement upon any like work that has preceded it in the English language. We are much pleased with the issuing of a work of this kind, for its publication shows a demand for learning of a literary character and a gradual breaking away from the absolutely philological method of teaching that has been in vogue since the days of Franz Bopp. The valuable translation of Seyffert's Dictionary of Classical Antiquities was a welcomed addition in that it showed a tendency to drift away from present methods and the publication of Mr. Peck's work shows an increased tendency in the same direction. It is believed that such a work will have the beneficial effect of opening to the young mind a brighter side of the Classics, and, that when this brighter side is seen, the student will find a deeper interest in studying the great works of the Ancients than he finds at present. The great decline in classical study that has been going on for the past half century till more recent years, was consequent upon the long time spent in purely philological grinding without any regard being paid to the matter and style of the authors studied. This method was doubtless employed in the belief that, by building a strong foundation on the philological side, the student would be better enabled to grasp and appreciate the literary side; but, unfortunately, few ever succeeded in going so far on the philological side as to reap results sufficiently great to enable them to grasp and enjoy the literary side, and a vast majority of men left college without having obtained even a glimpse of the beautiful sky that lay behind the thick cloud of Philology.

¹ Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, M. A., Ph. D. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 1896.

Hence it is, that, while men of the eighteenth century read the Classics with ease and pleasure, the men of the nineteenth century have, in large numbers, not only turned from them, but have even headed a revolt, and we have heard on all sides the cry of "Down with the Classics"; while most college men, when graduation is once obtained, are glad to get as far away from Greek and Latin as possible, retaining none of those precious treasures that should haunt the memory of every student of the Classics, but only the bitterness of stammering through the declensions and conjugations, failure in composition and an almost insuperable inability to "put the words of an author together." If we were asked why this is so and why men do not now read Greek and Latin after college life is past, we are forced to answer that it is the result partly of different conditions of life, but mostly of the strictly philological study that has plagued our school-boy days. We do not desire to underrate the importance of philological work, for we believe a sound philological basis is an absolute essential to the thorough understanding and appreciation of the literary side of the Classics, but we should like to make a strong plea that these two sides, the philological and the literary, go henceforth hand in hand and be not so entirely divorced as in the past. In its infancy, perhaps, philology needed protection in order that it might be developed and give to us the splendid results that we are now enjoying, but it is no longer an infant industry, and even the most ardent philologist should be glad to lighten his labors with the brighter, more attractive and more useful side of his subject. Hence we say such a work brings us great pleasure, because we seem now on the high road toward studying the works of the ancients as literature and no longer as a means of clogging the intellect with a mass of peculiar forms and syntactical irregularities, and we trust that hereafter, those who study the classics, will feel that they have quaffed living water from a perennial spring rather than brine from a dead sea.

Passing now to a somewhat comprehensive review of the work, we shall first endeavor to acquaint the reader with its aim and scope by indicating its contents as set forth under nine general heads in the preface, namely: biography, including important personages in every sphere of effort, the Christian Fathers, and the great scholars and philologists down to our own time; mythology with all the important characters in Greek and Roman writers, a careful distinction of Greek from Roman myths and a separate article giving and describing the history of the different schools; geography embracing the latest views of ethnologists and anthropologists; history, giving the principal political events in the development of Greece and Rome; literature in every department, with some very interesting articles on Parody, Jokes, the Cento, Novel and Romance, the Alexandrian Canon, celebrated editions, important codices, Lexicography, Grammar etc., antiquities, including Amusements, Art, Costume, Domestic Life, Law, Music, Numismatics, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Epigraphy, Palæography, Text Criticism, and many other interesting topics: language, including Grimm's and Verner's Laws, Dialects, Pronunciations of Greek and Latin, Rhotacism, Sermo Plebeius etc.; bibliography, giving, as a rule, the latest and most helpful works under the different articles; and, lastly, illustrations, about 1500 in number, including, besides pictures of objects that have actually come down to us, restorations by famous archaeologists and also the ideal creations of modern sculptors and artists.

From this, it will be seen that the work is, as the editor characterizes it, truly encyclopædic. It contains 1701 pages of the usual dictionary size, printed in double columns, with clear type and on excellent paper, and the illustrations are, as a rule, very well executed. We regret, however, that the editor did not always see fit to designate the exact sources whence these were taken.

The editor has produced a book that is extremely valuable and a credit to American scholarship. The work is well

done, and we may add, marvellously well, for Mr. Peck was practically alone in his labors and was able to devote to it only those hours that could be spared from other exacting duties for nearly five years. But while we fully appreciate the difficulties of such a task, we feel it our duty to point out some of the blemishes that disfigure the work.

On p. xi., of the preface, the editor says that he has sought to give in the title the Latin form for the Greek, as the former is likely to be more familiar. We do not pose as pedants, but we wish Mr. Peck had discarded this antiquated and somewhat unscholarly method and given us Greek words in Greek dress. The great disadvantage in this Latinizing method adopted by Mr. Peck, is the shifting of accent, which is likely to prove more or less confusing to the younger students who use the dictionary. For instance, *ἐγγύη* in Greek is accented on the penult, while the Latinized form *engyé* is accented on the ultimate, and, as the latter form is the more prominent in the work, the Greek form being given only in brackets, this accentuation will impress the eye more strongly and the student will get an incorrect pronunciation of the word. Again, the same system being adopted for Latin neuters in *é*, the confusion will be increased for the uninitiated. There seems, moreover, no settled system for accenting Latin neuters in *e*, for we find such words both with and without the accent, *e. g.*, *brachiâlê* p. 220 and *aurum lustrâle* p. 174. The result of this method is, therefore, a false impression of accentuation and pronunciation in both Greek and Latin. Moreover, if a strict rule of Greek forms for Greek words had been observed, many inconsistencies in the body of the book would have been avoided. Among these we may point out *Diomedé* p. 22, *Diomedé*, p. 20, *Diomed*, p. 839, *Diomedes* frequently. We also find *Tisamenus* and *Tisamenos*, *Rhypæ* and *Rhypes*, *Cyclops* (plural), and *Cyclopes*, *Thebé* and *Thebai*, *Pellene* and *Pellini*, *Aegion* and *Aegeum*, *lecythus* and *lekythus*, and many others too numerous to mention. Another needless confusion resulting from this method is

the transcription of Greek final *οι*, sometimes as *οι*, and sometimes as *ι*, as for example in *Catharmi*, *Amimaspi* and in *Amphippoi*, *Argyrologoi*.

But the student of Greek has a much greater grievance than this, that he must often know not the Latin transcription merely, but the Latin equivalent, in order to gain the desired information. For example, the student, who happens to be reading the Oidipous at Kolonos of Sophokles and comes to the well-known Ζηνη συνθάκος θρόνων Αιδώς, if he desire to know more about Αιδώς than is found in his lexicon, must know the Latin word *Pudicitia*, no great knowledge, it is true but an inconvenience to which the student of Greek should not be subjected. A more difficult case is that of the word οἰστρος, for which the student must know the Latin equivalent *asilus*, a somewhat unusual word and if he happen to look up his native *gad-fly*, he is referred not to *asilus* but to *oestrus*, which is not found in the Dictionary at all. This serious defect, which places the Greek student at a great disadvantage and causes much loss of time, occurs quite frequently in the work, *e. g.*, ὄπλα, ἔντεα, ψέλιον, ὄφεις, etc.

This leads us to consider a peculiarly annoying lack of system in the matter of cross-references, by which we are sometimes referred to a second and even to a third word and still fail to find the needed information and we are also frequently referred to words that are not in the book. Examples of this are: *amphimallum*, under which we are referred to *tapes*, which is not in the Dictionary as a title, but the Latinized form *tapeté* is found instead; under *aphlaston*, the reader is referred to *navis* and though he read the entire article he will get no information; under *amphippoi* reference is made to *Desultores*, which should be *Desultor*, as this is found in the title; under *apotimēma*, we are referred to *Dos* and thence to *matrimonium*, under which no satisfactory information is given; under *Archias*, reference is made to *Licinius Archias*, but no *Licinius Archias* is found in the book; under *Architheorus*, we are re-

ferred to *Delia*, where the *θεωποι* are mentioned, but no information whatever is ventured as to *Architheorus*; under *Argyripa*, we are referred to *Arpi*, and when we have spent time and patience looking this up, we are rewarded by a reference back to *Argyripa*; many more such exasperating references could be cited, but it seems needless to prolong the list further. Perhaps it is not out of place here to note that a great deal of time and inconvenience could have been saved in the matter of references to a long article if the articles had been divided into sections and reference made to the proper section. As the case is at present, the advantage of having all subordinate details collected under the general head is materially lessened by the difficulty experienced in finding individual terms.

The omissions are numerous, but we have space to call attention only to a few of the most important. Many proper names, mentioned under the articles in this dictionary, are omitted, such as *Ocalia*, *Sidero* and *Teleuthas*; under *Argonautae*, we are sorry to see that only a few of the heroes, who accompanied Iason, are mentioned; under the article *Acrisius*, mention is made of *Mantitheus* and his daughter *Eurydice*, but further information about these personages is not given. The *Eratosthenes* made famous by his connection with the Thirty Tyrants and *Lysias's* Oration is not thought worthy of mention. There were several *Luculli* and a reader of *Cicero* would certainly like to know something of them, but only one is given in this book. The Greek author *Aeneas* finds no place here, nor does the *Ganymedes* who proclaimed *Arsinoe* queen, when *Cæsar* attacked *Alexandria*. Under *Corcyra*, we should have been glad to see some mention made of the prominent part the *Corcyrans* played in breaking the thirty years' truce and renewing the *Peloponnesian War*. Under *Corinth*, nothing is said about her action in either the *Persian* or *Peloponnesian Wars*. Under *Diana*, her famous temple at *Ephesus* is passed by in silence, though we find it duly mentioned under the article on *Ephesus*. Under *Helios*,

Aeetes is not mentioned as one of his sons, nor is he so designated under his own name. Under Ganymedes, it would have been well, if the editor had told us that both Pindar and Euripides regarded him as the son of Laomedon and not of Tros. Under Pelops, we regret very much not to see the story of Pindar, who refuses to "call one of the blessed gods cannibal" and accounts for the famous ivory shoulder in quite a different way and makes Pelops to be carried off by Poseidon, as Ganymedes was by Zeus.

In the matter of bibliography we might note that under Hellas no mention is made of Holm's History of Greece that is just now appearing, nor is the last edition of Symonds's Studies of the Greek poets cited under anthology. Lipsius's revision of Meier's Attischer Prozess is not given under *Diké*, which, by the way, we see no reason for misplacing, as one would most naturally look for the word among the "Dik's" not among the "Dic's." Under Horatius no mention is made of the translations by Bulwer and by Gladstone, both which, we think, deserve a passing notice. We might also add that no lists of manuscripts, are given under Antiphon, Lysias Isaeos and several other authors.

It is quite unfortunate that the Dictionary should have so many misprints, especially in the matter of accents and breathings on Greek words, of which latter we have noted upwards of a hundred. Among other misprints, we may call attention to a few of the most important: *Brune* for *Brunn* in the preface, p. ix; *Ensebius* for *Eusebius*; under *Aeropé*, in the sentence "were generally believed to be *her* sons," *her* should be *his*. *Prozess* p. 76, should be *Process*, and so in several places. *Attische*, p. 76, is a mistake in gender for *Attischer*; p. 560, Livy Epit., 140 should be Livy Epit., 142; p. 611 *Berwohner* should be *Bewohner*, and on the same page *et* should be *ut* in the phrase *cura et valeas*; under *clavis*, p. 362, the reference to Lysias should be §13, not Chapter 4; under the article Pindarus, p. 1262, *Herrmann* is for *Hermann*, and p. 1263, *Rumpf* is for *Rumpf*.

The English in many places is such as we should never have expected to come from Mr. Peck's pen. Throughout the book there is a morbid fondness for joining a relative clause by means of the conjunctions *and* and *but*, an inelegance condemned by all the best writers on Rhetoric, though we cannot deny that good authority can be cited for its usage. Worse than this, however, is the bad management of the relative pronoun in general, of which we shall cite a few of the most striking instances. For example, on p. 24 under Aegobulus, *whom* is certainly not meant, as it was impossible to sacrifice the same youth every year; on p. 68, under Amphion, we find *a bull, who*, with no personification to relieve the harshness; p. 396, under Commodus; "The son and successor of M. Aurelius Antoninus, who ascended the imperial throne in A. D. 180," but we know that Marcus Aurelius did not ascend the imperial throne in A. D. 180. Among other errors, we may call attention to the constantly used expression "The Iliad and Odyssey," the use of *none* with a plural verb (p. 341), the frequent use of *after* as an adverb, and the use of *less* for *fewer* (p. 410); also the use of *whole* for *all* on pp. 508-9. Under Aristæus, the use of *latter*, although three persons are mentioned makes Orpheus to be bitten by the serpent, while we know it was Eurydice. Under *Daduchus*, the peculiar English makes the initiated to carry the torch, which was really carried by the person who led them. Under Faustina II, the wording is so peculiarly infelicitous that it is almost impossible to bring order out of chaos. It is very unfortunate that a book of so serious a character should be marred by such slipshod English, for these instances are only a few of the many that we have noted in our reading.

It is somewhat strange that the editor, after having told us under Cnosus that the spelling with one *s* is the best, should jump about from *Cnosus* to *Cnossus* and even to *Gnossus*, all of which inconsistencies could have been avoided by adopting the Greek form *Knosos*. Under Apollonius of Tralles, we are told that he is joint author with his

countryman Tauriscus, of the celebrated group of the *Laocoön*, for which the editor doubtless meant the *Farnese Bull*. Under Aristaeus, we are told that he fell in love with Orpheus's wife Eurydice, who, while trying to escape from him, was bitten by a serpent, without a word of warning that Aristaeus's connection with this legend goes no further back than Virgil, until we read the article on Orpheus, though the same story is repeated under Eurydice. Under Callinus, we are told that he is the creator of *political* elegy, which honor we have always ascribed to Solon, deeming Callinus sufficiently honored in the title of creator of *martial* elegy, of which kind of poetry, he is certainly the earliest writer that we know, even if he be not the creator. Under Clearchus, we are informed that he and the other generals, who accompanied Cyrus in his expedition against his brother, were put to death, but we know that only five of the generals were betrayed and suffered this fate. We should have been glad to see under Clytaemnestra Horace's version of the birth of the twin sisters and twin brothers in the well-known line. (Sat. II. 1. 26).

"Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis."

Under Cornelia Orestilla reference is made to Orestilla, where she has her correct name, *Aurelia*. Under the article *Crux*, after a long dissertation on the abstention of the Greeks from the horrors of bodily torture and outrage, in which Mr. Peck seems to refer all such atrocities to the outlying regions, he says: "but no such horrors are mentioned in Greece proper, where even Helots and serfs ranked as Hellenes." We are sure that it would be difficult to prove this statement, although we should be glad to see it done, for we know too well that slaves were tortured and in the well-known 7th oration of Lysias about the Sacred Olive Stump the defendant says that he had offered his slaves for torture in the presence of witnesses. In the well-known Parabasis of the Peace of Aristophanes, he claims the honor of placing comedy on a higher plane in the following words:

"And freedom he gave to the lachrymose slave, who was wont with a howl to rush in

And all for the sake of a joke which they make on the wounds that disfigure his skin."

Moreover, in the *Frogs*, 617, he gives us a list of the particular tortures employed and closes with the weighty words *ἅπαντα ἀπῆλλα*, while in the *Lysistrata*, it is distinctly stated that polluted women must be burned to a cinder. Torture is also mentioned by Anacreon, Antiphon and Demosthenes. Under Cyrillus, in the beginning of the article, we are told that his works are not numerous, while at the close of the article we find the following: "He was the author of a large number of works, many of which are extant." Under Delos, Poseidon is said to have made the island stand firm, while under Leto, this duty is correctly assigned to Zeus, who caused the island to appear and stand firm in order to receive the wandering Leto. Mr. Peck seems to have confused the Greek *doryphori* with *misthophori*, since he gives no information about the former at all, but refers to the Latin *mercenarii*, where, however, the *doryphori* are not mentioned. Some of the *doryphori*, forming the body-guards of kings were doubtless mercenaries in the true sense, but this could hardly be said of the "spear-bearing companions" mentioned in the *Choephori* of Aischylos. Under the article *felis*, the reader is told that "cats first appear in literature as house animals about the 4th century A. D.," and yet in the beginning of the same article we find these words: "cats were domesticated by the Egyptians as early as the 13th century B. C." Perhaps we do not exactly understand what Mr. Peck means by "appear in literature," for certainly Herodotos devotes the whole of the 66th chapter of the second book to cats and they are also mentioned by Aristophanes, Anaxandrides and Timokles. On page 837, under the article *Homerus*, it is said that the division of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into 24 books each is ascribed to Zenodotos, and yet, if we turn to Aristarchos, we shall find him credited with this honor, though under Zenodotos, no mention is made of his

connection with the division ; the question is certainly an open one, but it would be better to state this in both places or make only one of these editors responsible for the division. Under *Metoecei*, it is a mistake that the decree of *ισοτέλεια* gave the metics the right to hold property in land, for this was obtained only by a distinct decree. Under *Olympus*, the reader is told that Homer *implies* that the clouds are the gates of heaven, and guarded by the Hours, but we are inclined to believe that a careful reading of the passage (Il. 5, 749-52) will convince anyone that Homer makes a distinct statement. Under *Rhodus* we regret very much to see no mention of the story of its birth, which is so prettily told by Pindar in the seventh Olympian.

The above criticism has been made from a careful reading of the book, and as we have found much more to commend than to condemn, it is but just to call attention to several articles, filling about 130 pages, and written by specialists whom Mr. Peck had associated with him as collaborators. Especial praise must be given to the article on the Twelve Tables by Allen, on Terence by Ashmore, Umbria by Buecheler, *Sermo Plebeius* by Cooper, Ennius and the Senecas by Cruttwell, Persia by Geldner, Pindarus by Gildersleeve, the articles on Abbreviations by Gudeman, Pompeii by Lanciani, India by Lanman, Lexicon by Lewis, Homer by Seymour, Grimm's Law and Verner's Law by Wheeler, and on Boulé, Mycenae, Propylaea and Tiryns by Tarbell. As Mr. Peck declares himself solely responsible for all else in the book, it is impossible to do more than mention a few of his longer and more important articles and we should call attention especially to those on Balneum, Cena, Dialects, Domus, Graffiti, Musica and Theatrum and also to the many biographical sketches of the famous scholars and philologists, a decidedly pleasant and interesting feature of the Dictionary.

We must pronounce the work as a whole eminently successful, and the editor deserves our especial gratitude for his efforts to extend classical culture and to show the "essen-

tial modernity of the past " by collecting in a single volume in alphabetical order all that relates to the religion and life, art and literature of the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Peck has made accessible to the masses what was heretofore only possible for the few to glean and then at considerable expense of time and money, and we trust that the Dictionary will find its way not only to our Public Libraries and to the shelves of all classical scholars and students, but also to the private libraries of those who are interested in liberal culture.

CHAS. W. BAIN.

REVIEWS.

MR ALLEN'S NEW NOVEL.¹

It is unfortunate that in reading this novel one cannot put out of one's mind the vociferous chorus of incoherent laudation with which it has been greeted in certain quarters. No critic who had read *The Kentucky Cardinal* could look with any but pleasant anticipation to another story by Mr. Allen, but really we should have been surprised had it merited praise that would have seemed exaggerated if it had been applied to the monumental mass of *Germinal*, to the keen analysis of *Eugénie Grandet* or even to the poetic fervor of *Isaiah*. If anyone has read these dithyrambics and is not too *écauré* to read "The Choir Invisible" after them, he will have somewhat the impression of *Elijah* who after the tempest, the earth-quake and the fire heard only a still small voice.

Mr. Allen has given us another good and in the main healthy novel of Kentucky life, rather above the average in seriousness of purpose and in diction; but it is no better than we had last year or may expect next, and that it has been placed with *The Scarlet Letter* or *The Iceland Fisherman* shows that our judges lack a critical perspective. One would gladly speak only in praise of what has given pleasure but surely this is a case where a critic may feel obliged to protest his sanity by some reserve, even when as here space will suffer him to assert only and not to prove. It ought to be evident to any attentive reader that the central situation, the contest in a high-minded man between his love for a married woman and his social duty, and in a woman between her duty to an indifferent husband and a late-found affinity, is as old as novel-writing. The development of the situation is encumbered with unnecessary episodes and characters, and there is nothing inevitable in

¹ *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, New York, Macmillan's 1897.

the evolution of the story, which proceeds less from the inner nature of the actors than from outside impulses upon them. Then too those persons for whom it is intended to enlist our sympathy all fall at times strangely below themselves and exasperate us by curious lapses, senile in the case of the parson, puerile in Mrs. Falconer and Mr. Gray. And then there seem to be a few strange aberrations of taste, about which it is proverbially idle to dispute, though we had supposed that Saint-Simon in his account of Louis Fourteenth's handkerchiefs had given the last literary expression to the perfumes of perspiration, and that young ladies even in 1795 would not have found it an added charm in their clothes that they were "redolent of the ball" (p. 158).

Well, after all, *de gustibus (minime ab sudore) non disputandum*. Still, we had not supposed that we should be invited to pursue the Midsummer Nights' Dream of a tutor, as he pictures the details of his blissful future awakenings in a *solitude à deux* "when her little shoes might stand on his open Bible, if they chose, and the satin instep of her bare foot be folded in the hard hollow of his" (p. 55). We knew we could find this sort of thing, if we thirsted for it, in the *New Heloise*, as well as the Peeping Tom scene of page 290. But somehow, this intermingling (I will not say of what), seems inseparable from sentiment whether of the chivalrous or romantic type. There are minor infelicities, too, both of language and feeling, but we may pass them over, as indeed we might those that had gone before were it not that some specification seemed necessary in our *caveat* against indiscriminate laudation. We are utterly unable to comprehend the æsthetic standard that can allow this book to be classed with "The Scarlet Letter," or with any other of the few masterpieces of fiction. But it is a very good novel with many powerful passages, and we heartily commend it to our readers, though we consider its chivalrous ideals and *Morte d'Arthur* sentiment injurious in their supposed times and undesirable for ours.

J. A.

NOTES.

Mr. Walter Malone, of Memphis, whose volume of verse *Narcissus and other Poems*," we noticed favorably several years ago has been steadily devoting himself to his high vocation with a faith that deserves commendation in these prosaic days. His volume "*Songs of Dew and Dawn*," (Buffalo, C W. Moulton) contains the best of his poems up to 1895, and that entitled "*Songs of December and June*," (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company), holds the sheaf gathered the following year. Mr. Malone has remarkable lyric fluency and a wide range of themes—and here we find the secret of his merits and defects and the remedy for the latter. Mr. Malone is still young and we are permitted to hope not only that he will live to write more poetry, but that he will also have time and patience to prune his tendency to luxuriance of utterances and of theme. Our poet has good critical ability as is evidenced by the poems on Shelley and Byron in the first of the volumes named above; what he needs is to criticise himself as well as he can others. He ought to check a certain out-gushing of personal communicativeness too apparent in his love-lyrics and in those referring to his own ambitions. He ought to check also a tendency toward a lavish use of tropes such as mars a poem like "*The Poppy*" in the second volume. He ought, furthermore, to be on his guard against allowing his fluency of utterance to let him lapse into the commonplace as in these lines from "*The Penitentiary*."

"The penitentiary opens iron jaws
To swallow up the mass of shame and sin."

That he can avoid all these faults is clear enough from one stanza in the poem entitled "*Katharine*" where a

familiar idea is so well rendered that one does not think for a moment that the theme is threadbare. It runs:

A poem thou wouldst have me write to thee,
But words are all too weak and rhymes to dull
To bear the message from the heart of me,
O maiden, *blithest* and most beautiful.

In short, we feel confident that Mr. Malone has an opportunity before him to do something for his native section in the fair and high domain of poetry. We trust that he will be true to himself and to his early love and not be tempted off into the easier and more lucrative paths of prose—for truth to say, we much prefer his verses to his volume of stories entitled “The Coming of the King,” (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1897).

We have on our table a volume of “Village Sermons,” by the late distinguished scholar and theologian Dr. Hort, (The Macmillan Company). The editor tells us in a prefatory note that it is not without misgivings that he adds this volume of sermons to the one already in existence. His excuse is the “rich and deep theology” which underlies these discourses. A rich and deep theology is certainly a safe foundation on which to rest a man’s preaching, but when sermons are almost totally devoid of literary grace and charm even a rich and deep theology will not insure for them a reading public. The publication of this volume will add nothing to the already assured reputation of Dr. Hort. But it would be well if the indiscriminating admirers of good men would recognize the fact that every man has his limitations and that because one is an accurate scholar and a profound theologian it does not necessarily follow that he is also an effective preacher. But while this is true it is only just to say that there are one or two sermons in the volume before us which are suggestive and helpful. Dr. Hort’s treatment of Christ’s sufferings and death in the sermon entitled, “God’s love shown in Christ’s death” is especially strong and free from a mawkish sentimentality that has

often characterized the utterances of the clergy on the Passion of Our Lord. The three sermons on the Temptations of Christ and the concluding series of twelve sermons on the Old and New Testament are among the best in the books.

A very interesting volume is Mr. Theodore W. Koch's "Dante in America—a Historical and Biographical Study," which has been reprinted from the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Dante Society. Mr. Koch gives a full account of all the work—and it amounts to a good deal—that has been done on Dante in this country, and Southern readers will be particularly gratified by the account he gives of the labors of Richard Henry Wilde. We may mention by the way that the Dante Society is anxious to increase its membership and consequent usefulness and that we know of no worthier organization for the purposes of culture in our midst. We trust that such of our readers as are interested in Dante or Italian literature in general will join the Society, whose headquarters are at Cambridge, Mass.

"*In Plain Air*," by Elizabeth Lyman Cabot, published by Holt & Co., of New York is a bright, clean story of life in a gossipy New England town. The heroine has ideals and proceeds to cherish them in spite of the hereditary views of the place. She interests herself in a young man of artistic tastes and allows him to fall in love with her. She champions the cause of another callow youth whose engagement with a young lady of Brookfield upper-tendom has been broken off because of supposed intemperance, and finally falls in love with the gallant and handsome roué of the town, and—shocking to relate—marries him! He was one of those men who needed a larger environment and a more wisely discriminating love than Brookfield afforded and he found both in Marion Clayton.

In sharp contrast with the above, both in depth of plot

and vigor of style, is the "*Gadfly*," by E. L. Voyrich. It is a gruesome tale of the Italian struggles for liberty. The hero is the illegitimate son of the wife of an English gentleman. His father is a Roman Priest. The lad plunges into the seditious movement of the time and "confesses" his complicity. The secrecy of the confessional is violated. He is thrown into prison and subjected to great cruelties. On his release his foster-brother's wife presents him with the evidence of his illegitimate birth. He immediately smashes the crucifix before which he had been accustomed to kneel in his dead mother's room, rushes into atheism, feigns suicide, and disappears. Years afterwards he reappears as a leader in one of the secret societies of the day, is arrested and condemned to death. In the prison, his father now a Roman Cardinal, comes to see him. They recognize one another. The *Gadfly* is shot by a firing-party, the ecclesiastic executes a *coup de théâtre* in church and commits suicide. The *motif* of the story lies in the striking contrast between the intrepid bravery of the Atheist in the face of danger and death and the hypocritical casuistry of the Roman ecclesiastic. In a word the book is a bold plea for infidelity and a rude slap at the church of Rome in particular, and Christianity in general.

"*The White Hecatomb*" is a collection of short stories of life among the natives and Boers of South Africa. The author, Mr. W. C. Lently, wields a vigorous pen, and his delineations of South African life will help to while away many a half hour of the "heated term."